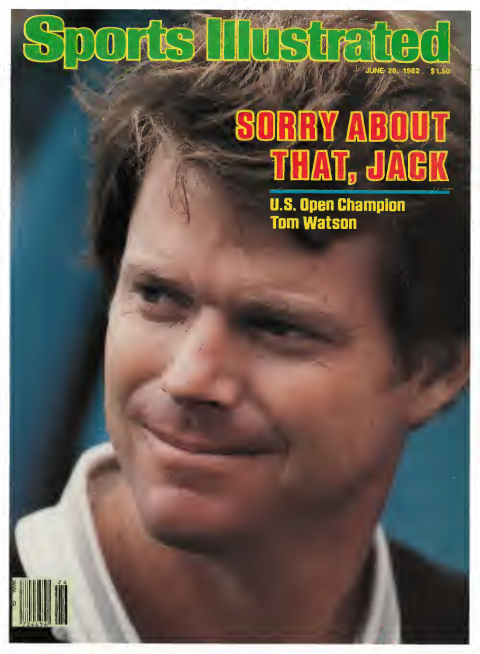


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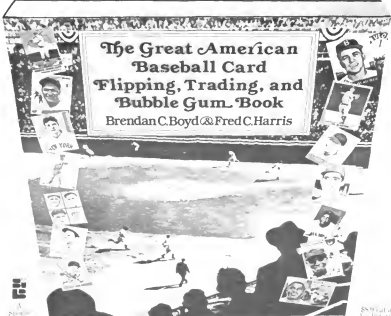
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



GILBERT: TRUDGING TO PEACE AND QUIET

Our last report in this space on Special Correspondent Bill Gilbert (Nov. 5, 1979) was occasioned by his winning a Penney-Missouri Magazine Award conferred by the University of Missouri School of Journalism. Not coincidentally (for reasons to be explained shortly), the subject of the prizewinning article was a canoe trip. Thereafter, being temporarily barred from the competition because he had won it for three consecutive years, Gilbert accepted an invitation from Missouri to spend a year "masquerading," as he puts it, as a visiting professor of journalism. Among other consequences, SI has received a number of Missouri stories, including one about a disoriented moose that wandered through the state. His account of messing around on the gentle Ozark rivers, which begins on page 64, is the latest of these, but probably not the last, because Gilbert says he also feels obliged to deliver himself of a few observations on Missouri mules.

Gilbert and his wife, Ann, spent most of the past two years on a cattle ranch 6,000 feet up in the Huachuca Mountains, a few miles north of the Arizona-Mexico border. They lived in considerable isolation, seven miles from the nearest neighbor, eight miles from their mailbox and who knows how far from a telephone. As he readily admits, Gilbert has existed mostly, if

non-corporeally, in the 19th century since leaving Missouri. The reason is that the couple, who work together as a writer-researcher team on historical projects, have been writing a lengthy biography of Joe Walker, a mountain man-explorer-naturalist who roamed the West for nearly 50 years before the Civil War.

Gilbert became interested in Walker while writing *The Trailblazers*, a volume in the TIME-LIFE series on the early West. "Obviously I'm biased," he says. "We've been thinking, doing research and writing about Walker for nearly 10 years, but it seems to me his life, better than perhaps that of any other individual, constitutes a remarkable metaphor for the true western experience of the American people. This experience—our most successful national enterprise—continues to affect our imagination and influence our behavior, but too often our sense of it is based on phony, shoot-'em-up, macho fiction." (Others will be able to contemplate Walker's life next spring when the biography is published by Atheneum.)

This spring, Walker manuscript completed, Gilbert returned to the Ozark rivers for a canoe trip, which was not surprising, for he has been canoeing for nearly 50 years and during the past 20 has contributed a half dozen essays to these pages on the pleasures of this activity. "A canoe moves at a good pace, fast enough to provide diversity, but slow enough to recognize it," says Gilbert. "You don't have to tinker with a canoe and paddle, overhaul, oil, gas or fiddle with their transmissions. You can carry a reasonable amount of gear without much effort and without risking spinal or pedal trauma. If you want excitement you can find a rapids, and if you want peace and quiet you can duck into a back eddy."

As to the Ozark rivers, Gilbert reports they are as pleasant, restful and interesting as they were when he was last in the 20th century and wrote the article that appears this week.

Philip H. Harker

Sports Illustrated

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BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

TWO BIOGRAPHIES OF BRANCH RICKEY OWE THEIR SUCCESS TO THE SUBJECT

Branch Rickey was a hymn-singing, Bible-quoting Methodist who delighted in advising hard-drinking, foul-mouthed ballplayers to model their lives after that of the Savior. He was a right-winger who deprecated Franklin Roosevelt and deplored the very idea of a free lunch. And

he performed the single most progressive act in the history of American sport when he brought Jackie Robinson into the major leagues.

In recent years there has been a tendency to minimize the significance of Rickey's bold move—to say that it was self-serving, i.e., he hoped to increase attendance among black fans, or that he merely anticipated a trend and wanted to get the jump on his competitors.

The latter point is pure poppycock. There was no trend in sight. True, breaking the color barrier was an idea whose time had come, but only Rickey had the vision and guts to implement it. It would

be an understatement to say that "many" or even "most" of the other club owners were against integrating the game. There were 15 of them, and they *all* signed a resolution to that effect. The fact is that without Rickey the black man's entry into organized baseball wouldn't have come until years later.

Rickey, who died in 1965, was a baseball genius whose life, career and foresight are celebrated in two recent books: *Branch Rickey* by Murray Pomer (Atheneum, \$14.95) and Harvey Frommer's *Rickey and Robinson* (Macmillan, \$13.95). The former is a conventional biography whose author had access to

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Rickey's papers and other relevant documents, and it's the better for it. Frommer's book is sort of a dual biography, with emphasis on the demise of Jim Crow baseball. It's less comprehensive on Rickey but tells more about Robinson's life before and after his Dodger days.

These aren't great books. They're middling books, undisputed but worthwhile because of their subjects. Robinson's contribution to sports is obvious and well known, but unless youngsters read these books, they may have no conception of the mental and physical abuse he endured.

As for Rickey, he was an innovator from the start. Long before his great days in Brooklyn, he devised and developed the first farm system for the St. Louis Cardinals. This earned him the enmity of Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who accused him of trying to take away the independence of the minor leagues and thereby destroy them. Landis' objections are now ironic in view of the fact that the minors would be dead today if it hadn't been for the affiliations that almost all minor league teams have had with big league clubs.

Rickey had his faults. He was often arbitrary, was inclined to be smug about his

stratified code of behavior and was a very slow man with a dollar. Frommer relates that at a reunion of the '34 Cardinals, the old Gas House Gang, Rickey praised them as men who loved the game so much they would have played for nothing. To which the great Pepper Martin replied, "Thanks to you, Mr. Rickey, we almost did."

But Rickey was also a superb judge of undeveloped talent, a master trader and a brilliant administrator. And he will be honored as long as the game is played, for none of these reasons but because he made baseball what it had always claimed to be: the national game. **END**

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REALLY PUNCHY

Baseball's clumsy method of selecting starting players for the All-Star Game is proving as inequitable as ever. Because the names that appear on the Gillette-sponsored punch-card ballots were decided upon before the season began (SCORECARD, May 31), the ballots fail to reflect on-field performance in 1982. Players not of All-Star caliber this season are on the ballot, while bright rookies and suddenly revived veterans are not. You can write in a player's name on the ballot if he isn't already listed, but he's got about as much chance as a write-in candidate in a presidential election. The names put on the ballot before the season have a lock.

The official tabulation of votes for each league in mid-June (balloting ends July 4) listed the eight leading voters at catcher and the infield positions, the top 16 among outfielders. Of the 112 names thus presented as the best players in the two leagues, every one is on the official ballot. Not one write-in candidate was able to squeeze in, not even at the bottom of the long lists.

This means that such 1982 stars as Ruppert Jones, at that point leading the National League in batting; Barry Bonnell, among the leaders in the American League; Jason Thompson, third in the NL in homers and batting .323; Hal McRae and Andre Thornton, one-two in the AL in RBIs; second basemen Johnny Ray and Damaso Garcia and first basemen Kent Hrbek and Willie Upshaw, four young players having outstanding seasons; Larry Herndon, leading the resurgent Tigers in batting; and veterans Bob Boone and Tim Lincecum, playing remarkably well for the contending Angels, weren't even mentioned in the mid-June tabulation. None of these admirable performers has a chance to be voted onto an All-Star team.

On the other hand, the No. 1 player in the balloting for best American League shortstop was Bucky Dent, a part-time player this year, batting .156. Right behind Dent in the voting was U.L. Washington, another part-time player, batting .182. All-Stars?

There are other inequities, and there will be more again next season unless the commissioner's office gets rid of the facile punch-card system and installs in its place a valid method of honoring baseball's best players.

LOSER AND STILL CHALLENGER

It seems impossible, but the World Boxing Association is still nagging Marvellous Marvin Hagler, the middleweight champion, about Fulgencio Obelmejias, telling him that he must fight the Venezuelan, who is "the leading available contender." Last winter the WBA warned Hagler that he had 15 days to come to terms with Obelmejias, which moved Hagler to vigorous protest (SCORECARD, Feb. 8). He had knocked the Venezuelan three ways to Tuesday in a fight a year earlier, he pointed out, and, as his lawyer said, "Why would anybody pay to see Marvin knock out Fully Obel again?" Besides, Marvin was trying to line up a fight with Thomas Hearns in the spring. Hearns vs. Hagler shaped up as a big-money match, so the WBA backed down for the time being. But then Hagler-Hearns was canceled, and there was the WBA on Marvin's back again. Now the Obelmejias fight is slated for July 15, perhaps in Italy.

Why Obelmejias? Well, the WBA lists him as the No. 1 contender, although the rival WBC has him no better than third and the International Boxing Writers Association ranks him sixth. Hank Kaplan of Miami, who published *Boxing Digest* and is one of the most knowledgeable observers of the sport, doubts that Obelmejias belongs among the Top 10. "And," says Kaplan, "losing to Hagler so badly in their first fight is hardly the way to earn a second one."

Then why Obelmejias? The WBA points out that the Venezuelan has had several fights since he met Hagler and won them all, including one with Chong-Pal Park of South Korea, at the time the No. 1 contender himself. But Obelmejias' victories, including the one over Park, all came on the friendly home turf of his native Caracas when the rest of the boxing world was paying little attention.

And Park achieved his dubious status as top contender by beating a bunch of relative unknowns in Asia.

Why Obelmejias? It could be only coincidence, but his manager, Raffio Cedeno, a promoter and a big man in Venezuelan boxing circles, numbers among his good friends Rodrigo Sanchez, who happens to be president of the WBA. What are friends for?

GOLD MEDALS, TROY-WEIGHT

Until its boycott of the Moscow Games in 1980, the U.S. had the distinction of being the only country in the world whose athletes had won gold medals in



every summer Olympics since the start of the modern Games in 1896. Now the longest such "streaks" belong to Great Britain, France, Italy, Sweden and Finland, each of which can claim to have had gold-medal winners at every Summer Games since 1908, and USC, which has had at least one champion at every Olympics since 1912. Wait, did we say USC? What's a university doing in the company of all those nations? And how can an American institution claim a gold medal in a succession of Olympic Games that includes one that was boycotted by Americans?

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SCORECARD

The answers are provided by Andrew Sorenk, a USC alumnus and nonmedalist member of the 1968 U.S. Olympic swim team. Now a lecturer in USC's history department whose specialties include the relationship between sports and international politics, Sorenk says that at least 160 Trojans have competed over the years in the Summer Olympics, amassing 61 gold, 27 silver and 19 bronze medals. According to Sorenk, the parade of USC Olympic champions began at the 1912 Games in Stockholm, where Fred Kelly, a USC freshman, won the 110-meter hurdles, and Alma Richards, a law student, won the high jump. The list of Trojan gold medalists then includes such memorable victors as sprinters Charley Paddock (1920), Mel Patton (1948) and Don Quarrie (1976), shotputter Parry O'Brien (1952, 1956), pole vaulter Bob Seagren (1968) and swimmers Buster Crabbe (1932), Murray Rose (1956, 1960) and John Naber (1976).

Sorenk's only criterion for inclusion in the roster of Trojan Olympians is that the athlete must have attended USC for at least one semester. Of USC's medal winners, he says, "Some transferred in and others transferred out. Some won their medals after they graduated, others before they came here and some while they were in graduate school." Sorenk includes foreigners like Quarrie and Rose, natives of Jamaica and Australia, respectively. Which brings us to swimmer Michele Ford, who, as a 17-year-old schoolgirl, competed at the 1980 Olympics for her native Australia and won the 800-meter freestyle. Ford subsequently enrolled at USC, where she's now going into her sophomore year as a member of the Trojans' women's swim team. Thus it is that USC can lay claim to having a 1980 Olympic champion, even though the U.S. did not compete at Moscow.

Although USC has several potential 1984 Olympians, including swimmers Jeff Float, Chris Cavanaugh and Ford, volleyball star Debby Green and hurdlers Mike Stewart and Tonia Campbell, none can be considered a sure bet for a gold medal. But don't count the Trojans out. USC's dormitories will be used as an Olympic village in 1984 and its home facilities as venues for Olympic track and swimming, all of which should provide quite a home-field edge to USC athletes trying to keep the school's remarkable Olympic streak going.

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BRAINS, BRAWN AND BRUINS

Well, good for USC, but that's enough about the Trojans. Let's talk about UCLA. A couple of weeks ago in a SCORECARD item called *Triumph of Brawn and Brains*, we saluted North Carolina's Tar Heels for their well-balanced accomplishment of winning four national championships—an basketball, lacrosse, soccer and the intercollegiate quiz competition known as the College Bowl. Now UCLA wants it known that during the 1981-82 school year the Bruins won five NCAA titles—in swimming, tennis, volleyball, women's softball and women's track, and a debate team national championship. Argue with that, North Carolina.

UPDATE

You might recall a LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER (SI, Sept. 10, 1979) that described the International Sports and Games Research Collection at Notre Dame. Located in the basement stacks of the university's library, it grew under curator Herb Juliano into an invaluable source of information for sports journalists and scholars. But after a struggle between the curator and Notre Dame higher-ups, the collection is being "integrated" into the school's library system and Juliano is out of a job. Juliano says he was forced to resign, claiming that library administrators resented his "independence" and were jealous of him. "I worked out of this little two-by-four office and got more publicity than the entire library," he says. Anton Masin, head of the library's Department of Special Collections, implies that the collection of half a million sports books, monographs and artifacts was too much of a one-man show under Juliano, who, he says, tended to run it in an "off-the-cuff manner." Masin said the absorption of the sports collection into the overall library system would make the materials more accessible to the public.

SO MUCH FOR CAREER COUNSELING

Former NHL star Dennis Hull, brother of Bobby, played most of his 14-year career (1964-78) with the Black Hawks and returned to Chicago last month for what turned out to be a fateful visit. After having taught history and coached football and hockey for the past two years at Rud-

ley College, an Ontario prep school, Hull, 37, had decided he was ready for "something different" and had made an appointment to undergo career counseling at the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. But no sooner did he meet Dr. Jotham Friedland, director of IIT's Institute of Psychological Services, than the counseling took an unexpected turn. Friedland also happened to be a member of a committee searching for a successor to Edward Glancy, who is retiring after 11 years as IIT's athletic director. It quickly occurred to him that this might be just the man for the job. He took Hull around to meet other committee members, who agreed, and four days later Dennis was hired.

Hull is delighted with the position at IIT, an NCAA Division II school that has nine varsity teams (hockey, as it happens, is a club sport). He never did take the psychological tests that attracted him to IIT, and he now says he won't. He explains, "I'm afraid to find out I might not be qualified for the job."

HOLD THE RELISH

The Miami Dolphins' cheerleaders used to be called the Starbriets. Pretty dumb name, right? Don't worry. It's been changed. Under a new five-year marketing agreement, the group will henceforth be known as the Miami Dolphins' Cheerleaders, sponsored by Burger King. Now there's a name with plenty of mustard on it.

WELL, WOULD YOU BELIEVE 75%?

The following press release arrived recently from publicists for Volvo's tennis tournament in North Conway, N.H.:

"Mt. Washington Valley, N.H.—Someone who attended the 1981 Volvo International Tennis Tournament is 'camera shy.'"

"An expensive, 35-mm camera, equipped with a telephoto lens, was found in the west stands at the Mt. Cranmore Tennis Club Stadium in North Conway during the quarterfinal round of last year's competition."

"The discovery was made by Miss Amy Walker of Manchester, Massachusetts, who promptly turned the camera equipment over to tournament officials. Since then, they have made a concerted

effort to locate the owner, but, thus far, have been unsuccessful."

"Miss Walker believes the camera was forgotten by a woman who occupied a seat in the stands near where she, her sister and two friends viewed the matches."

"A graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire, the attractive 19-year-old blond will enter her sophomore year at Brown University this fall. Although Amy is currently a General Liberal Arts student, she is considering majoring in psychology."

"When she isn't hitting the books, she spends her time hitting a tennis ball—she's an accomplished social tennis player—or hitting the water as a diver for her college swim team."

The release goes on to provide additional information about both Walker and the Volvo International and includes a perhaps debatable statement by Tournament Director James E. Westhall. Although Walker's act of honesty was so noteworthy as to warrant its very own press release—and so admirable that she will be an honored guest at this year's tournament—Westhall says unflinchingly, "I'm certain that her response reflects the way 99 percent of us would have acted under similar circumstances."

THEY SAID IT

• Joe Yamin, switch-hitting outfielder for the Pewter Mug Tavern softball team in Watervliet, N.Y., when asked why he didn't switch and try to hit righty after striking out awkwardly three times on nine pitches while batting left-handed: "I can't hit with power right-handed."

• Doug English, Detroit Lion defensive tackle, on the standard objection to using unalloyed to test pro football players for drug use: "Sure, such tests are dehumanizing. But when you think about it, the game of football is, at times."

• Mike Scioscia, Los Angeles Dodger catcher, when asked how he had developed into one of baseball's most formidable plate-blockers: "You don't get a heck of a lot of practice. It's not easy to find guys who'll come out early before games and run into you."

• Bob Griese, announcing his decision to leave the Miami Dolphin coaching staff and enter private business: "If you want to drop off the face of the earth, just be an assistant coach."

SAND

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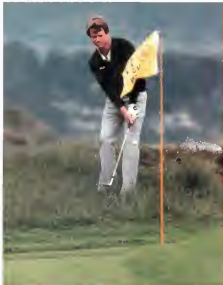


Sports Illustrated

JUNE 28, 1992

A 1,000 To 1





Shot

That's how runner-up Jack Nicklaus rated the chip that won the U.S. Open for Tom Watson at Pebble Beach's 17th: rough to green and in the cup by DAN JENKINS



CONTINUED

From where Tom Watson was on the 71st hole of the U.S. Open golf championship Sunday at Pebble Beach—in the garbage, on a downslope, looking at a slack green—you don't simply chip the ball into the cup for a birdie to beat Jack Nicklaus, who is already in the scorer's tent with a total good enough to win. First, you throw up.

Well, that's wrong, of course. If you're Watson, by now you're accustomed to beating Nicklaus in major tournaments because you've done it before at the Masters and in the British Open, so you lay open the blade of a sand wedge and plop the lob-chip shot softly onto the putting surface and then watch the flagstick get in the way of the ball to keep it from running all the way to the Lodge.

Of the many dramatic and champion-

ship-twisting shots that were struck and misstruck all last week on the Monterey Peninsula, and in all of the 81 Opens that came before this one, Watson's chip-in at the 17th on Sunday will be remembered for as long as men sew leather patches on the elbows of their tweed jackets.

Two quotes must be pressed into the family Bible along with the 16-foot hole-out that gave Watson his first Open title and his sixth major. Watson's regular caddie, Bruce Edwards, said to him before the shot, "Get it close." Replied Watson, "I'm not gonna get it close, I'm gonna make it!"

This was why Watson could be seen pointing at someone (Edwards) as he went into that sprint and dance around the edge of the green after the ball darted into the cup. If he had been a little more delirious and a little less careful, he might have discoed right into Carmel Bay.

Which brings up quote No. 2. Nicklaus was watching Watson's progress on a TV monitor in back of the 18th green. He had shot a fourth-round 69, three under par, and had a total of 284, four under for the 72 holes—six strokes better than the 290 with which he had won the Open at Pebble Beach back in '72. He had seen Watson's less-than-perfect two-iron from the 17th tee bounce and find the high grass on the upslope to the left of the green.

Certain bogey, Jack thought; I win. After the weirdness of most of Thursday, Friday, Saturday and all of Sunday, the two were dead-even tied. Nicklaus took his eyes off the monitor for just a second, and the next thing he saw on it was Watson looking like a man with an incurable itch, and a mighty roar was filling the air. A few minutes later, Watson was making a needless birdie at 18 to win by two strokes, and Nicklaus was shaking Tom's hand on the green, saying with a smile, "You little son of a bitch, you're something else."

So ended one of the more fantastic U.S. Opens, or majors, of recent years. In the end, it was another Watson-Nicklaus saga. *Watson-Nicklaus III*, check your local neighborhood theater. No. 1 came at Augusta in 1977, when Tom outbattled Jack in the stretch to win the first of his two Masters titles—with a birdie at the 17th, incidentally. No. 11 came later that summer at Turnberry in Scotland when Watson captured the second of his three



His hopes shattered after Watson's impossible shot, a glum Nicklaus waits at the 18th.

British Open trophies in a furious head-to-head duel, 65-65 in the third round, then 65-66 in the last round, the decisive birdie again coming at the 17th hole. Now this at Pebble Beach, and on Pebble's picturesque 17th.

Watson's chip-in must rank in history with two similar shots that have more or less decided major championships, although Watson's no doubt is the most stunning of the three. There is the wedge Arnold Palmer holed out from beside the 16th green at the 1962 Masters, a stroke that enabled him to gain a playoff with Gary Player and Dow Finsterwald, which he won. Then there was the chip shot Lee Trevino sank on the next-to-last hole at Muirfield in the 1972 British Open, and Nicklaus, who was shooting for the third leg of a Grand Slam, also was the victim there—on the 17th, of course.

"Yes, it has happened to me before, but I didn't think it would happen again," Nicklaus said after finishing second in the Open for the fourth time, in a major for the 18th, a remarkable feat all by itself, the more so when you reflect on the 19 majors he has won. "I rate Tom's [shot] up there with Trevino's," he added. "I suppose I've done it to other people, too. Maybe not by chipping in when you think you've won, it's disappointing."

Of the shot, it was said by Bill Rogers, who was playing with Watson and wound up tied for third, that a man could drop the ball on the edge of the 17th green with his hand and it wouldn't stop short of the cup, so fast was the green. Then Rogers went on. "You could hit that chip a hundred times and you couldn't get it close to the pin, much less in the hole."

"A thousand times," said Nicklaus.

Watson and Rogers had begun the last round in a tie for the lead with Nicklaus three strokes back. There were other characters in the drama, but they would fade away, as is the case on major Sundays. Watson's closing 70 for the winning total of 282, and a prize of \$60,000, would include what Rogers described as "three knockout blows."

They were, in order of their appearance, a 25-foot putt to save par at the 10th hole, a 35-foot putt for a birdie at the 14th and that lob-chip at the 17th.

As Rogers put it, "I saw him get a

gleam of confidence in his eye after he survived the 10th. And on 14, well, humans three-putt from where he was."

If you have been a Watson watcher over the years, there are ways to explain these deeds. The par putt he made at 10 was simply a case of luck balancing out. Back on the tiny par-3 7th, he had missed a two-footer for a birdie, and nobody deserves to miss a two-footer for a birdie

when he's in contention for the Open, not a man who's going to miss only one fairway all day long with his beautiful driving rhythm.

The long "mindless" putt on the 14th? Why not? Watson is as good a putter as there is in the game today, and perhaps the finest long-putter, period. He has been sinking putts like that one for seven years, which is one reason why he has

continued

The birdie on the final hole was icing for an exultant Watson and caddy Bruce Edwards.



won six majors since 1975 (Nicklaus finishing second in four of those). It is why anyone wins a major, or even a regular event on the PGA Tour.

The historic chip-in? Watson was quick to say it wasn't sheer chance. "I've practiced that shot for hours, days, months and years," he said. "It's a shot you have to know if you're going to do well in the Open, where there's high grass around the greens."

The U.S. Open had been Watson's pri-



Devlin, 44, was a real blast from the past.

mary goal since he had become a grown-up and proved he could win majors. This was his 11th try at it; he had six top-10 finishes, but his failure to win had been eating at him for years. Thus, it delighted him to finally do so amid the northern Californian screams of so many of his fellow Stanford alumni on a course he loves so much—and to win it with an "Open shot," the lob-chip. "That shot at 17," he said, "meant more to me than any golf shot I ever made."

His heroics at 17 aside, Watson won the Open in several other ways. He was, after all, the only player in the field of 153

who shot par or better in all four rounds, with scores of 72, 72, 68 and 70.

He may well have won it in Thursday's breezy first round when he arrived at the 15th tee three over par and starting at a 75 or worse. He thereupon birdied the 15th, 16th and 17th holes. "I counter-punched well," he said.

Watson may have won the tournament on Friday when his tee-to-green play, particularly his driving, was, to say the least, shabby. He holed two putts of more than 20 feet for bogeys and once got up and down from a bunker for another bogey. "I shot a 77 but scored a 72" was the way he described it.

And he may have won it on Saturday, the day a record 22 fellows broke par on a becalmed Pebble, when he carved out a four-under 68. It wasn't so much the number he had attained as the way his swing felt. "I feel good about my swing," Watson said. "I can't wait to get out there tomorrow."

There are two utterly different golf courses built into Pebble Beach, one being the first seven holes, or the "birdie holes," and the other being the last 11, or, as they say, "the real golf course." That Pebble begins at the 8th tee.

Watson won the U.S. Open on the real golf course, for he was four under par from the 8th to the Lodge for the four rounds. This was about 6,000 shots better than anyone else in the field.

Consider these other Watson statistics. He was an outrageous seven under par over the last four holes at Pebble, and as for the dangerous 17th and 18th, he was five under for the four rounds. By comparison, Nicklaus was even par over the same highway.

On the 17th, which just happened to be the hole on which Nicklaus hit a near-ace one-iron to clinch victory back in '72, Watson was three under par. Before Sunday he at least had the decency to birdie the 17th twice like a normal human being. He hit the green and made a putt on Thursday. He hit the green and made a putt on Friday. Sunday he didn't hit the green and still made a birdie. As Rogers said, "That birdie put me in absolute shock—I'll remember it all my life."

As things usually unfold in an Open, the ultimate winner isn't in the thick of the action for a couple of days. So it was at Pebble. Rogers and Bruce Devlin tied for the first-round lead with modest two-under-par 70s, Devlin striking a blow for

the aged (he's 44) as well as for TV commentators (he works for NBC). After Friday's second round, Devlin had the lead all by himself when his 69 gave him a 36-hole total of 139. There was then talk of a miracle in the making; Devlin hadn't won a tournament of any kind in 10 years, and if he won he would be the oldest U.S. Open champion ever. Devlin was still around as late as the 4th hole on Sunday, when he found himself in a momentary four-way deadlock with Nicklaus, Watson and Rogers. But he would ultimately subside into a tie for 10th. As happened to nearly everyone else in the field, a double or triple bogey would do him in; defending champion David Graham was just one shot behind Watson late Sunday afternoon until he double-bogeyed 13. Only Watson, Nicklaus and a handful of other contestants avoided the double or triple calamity.

Such horrors befell many of the supplanting cast. Take Danny Edwards. On Thursday he got the Open started by going six under through the first 13 holes; he then suffered two double bogeys. Take George Burns. On Friday, big George set an Open record by making six straight birdies from the 2nd through the 7th holes; he was smitten by a triple-bogey

Treosd Rinker termed it all an illusion.



Rogers hung in until Sunday's back nine, when his putting touch suddenly left him.

six at the 17th before he could reach the safety of the Lodge.

You could even take Larry Rinker, provided the LPGA didn't claim him because of his blond mane. Rinker shot a 67 Friday and found himself in second place, but a double bogey at the 9th on Saturday sent him the way of the Larry Rinkers. Rinker is the player who said, "The Open is an illusion," insinuating that it was more important to the media than to players. The press retaliated by saying that Larry Rinker was an illusion because of his flowing locks and that his name actually was Laura Rinker.

Inevitably, the Open at Pebble Beach had to come down to the known quantities, as it surely had by Saturday evening, when Watson and Rogers shared the 54-hole lead at 212, four under par. Rogers, the 1981 British Open champ, had on that day added a nifty 69 to his earlier rounds of 70 and 73. And Nicklaus was lurking back there at 215, after making only six birdies despite his immaculate tee-to-green play.

Six birdies in only three rounds for Nicklaus? On a course where he had won a U.S. Open, a U.S. Amateur and three Crosby's? "I'm playing as well as I've ever played in an Open," he said.

On Sunday, Nicklaus made six birdies, including five in a row starting at the 3rd hole—and it was this streak that would turn the tournament into another Watson-Nicklaus show. Nicklaus hasn't lost his sense of melodrama, even if the putts aren't falling for him as consistently as they once did.

The way it went on Sunday was like this: Watson birdied the 2nd and was in the lead, but bogeyed the 3rd and there was that four-way tie. Nicklaus, Rogers and Devlin then birdied themselves into a three-way tie for the lead at five under, but Rogers inherited it when the other two promptly bogeyed.

Rogers held the lead for five holes at five under, but then he bogeyed the 9th. He and Watson were now tied because Nicklaus had three-putted the 11th for another bogey. From this point on, Watson took the Open by its blue coat and armband. He saved that par at the 10th, birdied the 11th, bogeyed the 12th, birdied the 14th, bogeyed the 16th. Alter-

nately, these happenings kept killing and then pumping life into Nicklaus.

Nicklaus was up ahead of Watson, and going to the 17th tee he saw a scoreboard, saw that it had come down to the two of them. "There's only two of us left," Nicklaus said to his caddie, who happened to be Jackie Nicklaus, 20, his oldest son.

Moments later, after Nicklaus had parred 17 and 18 and seen on the TV monitor that Watson was in trouble on

the evil 17th hole, he was surely certain there was only one left now: him. Then came the lob-chip.

Looking back on it, nobody could have summed up this Open finish better than Frank (Sandy) Tatum, an ex-president of the USGA. The evening before the Watson-Nicklaus drama began, Tatum was studying the leaders on the scoreboard. He turned to a friend and said, "Look at the scoreboard. Tomorrow... Wow!"

And wow it was.

END



A Pair Of Hands-Up Winners

Carl Lewis' double double and a share of a U.S. mark by Dan Ripley justified jubilation **by CRAIG NEFF**

Late Sunday afternoon, as the three-day USA/Mobil Outdoor Track & Field Championships were drawing to a close in Knoxville, Tenn., pole vaulter Dan Ripley looked around him and felt exhilarated. With the crossbar set at 18' 5½", eight competitors remained, himself included. Eight. "People were just flying over that bar," said Ripley later. "Killing it. I had a feeling it was going to take more than 18' 5" to win. I had a feeling maybe an American record. Maybe even a world record."

Until Ripley and friends hooked up in their dramatic vaulting competition, the meet had produced feelings of anything but exhilaration. Something more akin to facing up to a sultry summer afternoon on an obstacle course with full field packs. The athletes had discovered the unique sensation of running on the University of Tennessee's track: a balanced-budget special whereon the home-stretch, recently resurfaced with Sportan, is coarse-textured and spongy, and the backstretch is 3-year-old Tartan, hard and bald like an old tire. Runners liked the old tire but not the sponge, and the fans were disappointed as a number of entrants withdrew. Among them were world-record holder Edwin Moses in the 400 hurdles, Don Paige in the 800, sprinter Stanley Floyd, 110-hurdler Greg Foster and Alberto Salazar in the 10,000.

Still, the women fared well, with Eve-



After his 27' 10" long-jump win at the TACs, Lewis' 10.11 100 victory was a laugh.

lyn Ashford turning in arguably the best U.S. performance ever in the 100 and Stephanie Hightower equalling Deby LaPlante's American record of 12.86 in the 100 hurdles. Mary Decker Tabb came within 3.94 seconds of her U.S. 1,500 record in winning her first national outdoor title since she was 15, eight years and a soap-opera script full of calamitous injuries ago. High school senior Denean Howard of Granada Hills, Calif., all of 17, won the women's 400 in 50.87, the

second-fastest American in history. And 18-year-old long jumper Carol Lewis became the No. 2 U.S. performer in that event with her 22' 4½" leap, second only to Jodi Anderson's American record of 22' 11½".

But it was Carol's 20-year-old brother Carl who truly focused international attention on the meet. For the second year in a row he won both the 100-meter dash (10.11) and the long jump (27' 10"), a double double unique in this century. "I

wouldn't have been beaten by anybody in world history this weekend in any race," said Lewis, a junior at Houston.

Lewis, who lost his NCAA eligibility for academic reasons in January, announced he would remain in school but not participate in collegiate meets, citing the fact that the semester off had allowed him to bring his grade-point average up to 3.0 while his more limited participation in open meets certainly hadn't endangered his No. 1 world ranking in either the long jump or the 100. He felt that he would have leaped 28 feet and broken the world 100 record of 9.95 were it not for the track's slow sprint surface (the new, spongy section) and stiff headwinds. Few who saw Lewis compete doubted him.

In contrast to the big-name men who didn't deign to run, Ashford wasn't expected to be in Knoxville, yet there she was on Saturday evening, winning the women's 100. Ashford had said she wouldn't run outdoors this year, that she needed a complete rest before starting training for the 1984 Olympics. But in March she had run in an outdoor meet in San Diego and won a 10.97 100. "I didn't train for about six weeks," Ashford says. "Then I decided I could get the world record [10.88] this year."

Ashford was out of the blocks quickly, just ahead of Jamaica's Merlene Ottey, but felt uncomfortable on the sprint runway. It wasn't only soft—Lewis and others found gummy pieces of the surface stuck to the bottom of their spikes after races—but also very bouncy. "By the end of the race I couldn't control myself," Ashford said. "I was too wobbly. I was fighting all the way."

At the tape Ashford had a yard on Ottey. Her winning time of 10.96—the fifth fastest ever—became more remarkable when it was determined she had run into a headwind of 1.3 meters per second (about 3 mph).

Ripley, now 28, set a world record—indoors, at 18' 5½", in 1979—but going into this year he seemed to be on the downside. Last season he had managed to clear 18 feet only once. Even during the '82 indoor season he couldn't keep up with Pacific Coast Club teammates Earl Bell and Billy Olson. In fact, Olson, a senior at Abilene Christian, had broken the

American indoor record as many times as Ripley had cleared 18' (five), eventually raising the mark to 18' 10". Early this spring, too, Olson was more impressive: at a meet in Brownwood, Texas he established a U.S. outdoor record of 18' 8¾", adding half an inch to Dave Roberts' 1976 mark.

Ever since then, however, Ripley has been the hottest American vaulter; in six outdoor meets before TAC, Ripley had achieved three personal bests, the most recent, at a Wichita, Kans. meet, being 18' 6¾". He credits much of his improvement to intensive weight training sessions last year. His upper-body strength shows: at 6' and 180 pounds, Ripley is two inches shorter but 20 pounds heavier than Olson.

The vaulters had soared way above the bar at the opening heights, but at 18' 5½" only Indiana sophomore Dave Volz cleared on his first attempt. Five of the eight remaining finalists missed all their tries. Ripley, after failing once, decided his pole was to blame and hauled out the biggest model he'd ever tried, a 200-pound-test pole, with which he sprang easily over the bar. Seeing that, Olson passed, saving himself for the next height, 18' 9¾", which would be an American outdoor record.

On their opening attempts, Ripley and Volz clobbered the bar, while Olson barely touched it. In fact, the bar didn't wobble off the standards until Olson had landed on the pad.

With one deep breath Ripley, making his second try, hoisted his pole and began what obviously was his most powerful sprint of the afternoon. A soft tailwind encouraged him. None of the late-afternoon sunlight could have passed between Ripley and the crossbar, but he cleared. He stood on the pad and raised clenched fists before the crowd.

When Olson went over moments later—with room to spare—he made the same exultant gesture. "There was so much pressure," he recalled with relief. "Billy just tied my U.S. record is all," said Ripley with a grin. Volz, however, didn't, missing his final two attempts.

Ripley took three clumsy tries and Olson three respectable ones at 19' 1", trying to break Vladimir Polyakov's world record of 19' ¾"; not coincidentally, Ol-

son had attempted 19 feet before and Ripley hadn't. "I really don't think I'm ready for that yet," Ripley said. "I'm so close it's not even funny," said Olson. Only one matter remained unsettled.



Ripley was up coming down from 18' 10".

Because the two vaulters were tied in both misses and clearances, a jumpoff beginning with a fourth attempt at 19' 1" was called to determine a winner. "Let's not," said the weary Olson. "Good idea," said Ripley, who was at least as weary. Thus the two PCC teammates will share both a national title and the national record.

"That was a tough little meet there," said Olson. Which is just what Ripley was about to say.

ENZO

The Padres' Persnickety Papa



Manager Dick Williams' obsession with execution and teamwork has made San Diego a surprise contender in the NL West. **by JIM KAPLAN**

Hey, all you second-guessers out there. You know who you are. You sit at the bar, beer in hand, fantasizing about how you'd handle your local last-place team. "Overpaid bums in britches!" you bellow. "I'd make them work! I'd discipline them, teach them to execute fundamentals and sit them down when they didn't. I'd tell the pitchers to throw strikes and the runners to steal bases. So what if we don't have a Jackson or a Schmidt? Baseball is 95% mental anyway. Who says managers don't win games?" Then you stalk out, as the other patrons roll their eyes, knowing full well that players win games, not managers.

Or do they? Consider the job Dick Williams has done in his first year at San Diego. Williams inherited the team with the worst record in the National League's Western Division last year—in fact, the team with the worst percentage, historically, of any NL franchise. Few of his players are outdoing themselves in 1982; at the end of last week, nine of the Padres' 15 batters were hitting below their career averages. "Position for position, we're a better team than they are," says Frank Robinson, whose Giants were fourth in the NL West. "You look at their lineup and it really doesn't impress you," says Lee Elia, whose Cubs were last in the NL East. Yet at week's end the Padres were in second place, trailing the Braves by $3\frac{1}{2}$ games and thinking about October. Having already drawn 813,000 fans, San Diego is sure to break its 1978 attendance record of 1.67 million.

How have the Padres done it? With the same combination of pitching, speed, defense and fundamentals that Williams taught in previous stops at Boston (1967-69), Oakland (1971-73), California (1974-76) and Montreal (1977-81).

"Dick's like an orchestra leader," says Centerfielder Ruppert Jones, who as of Sunday was among the league leaders with a .321 average and has a golden spit-



"We're winning because Williams gives us the freedom to be aggressive," says Jones.

toon by his locker, befitting his status. "You have 25 guys who can play and one guy who makes them harmonize."

Indeed, the Padres are most impressive when taken collectively. Five pitchers have won four to six games, four runners have stolen more than 10 bases and five batters have driven in 20 to 40 runs.

"Individual statistics mean nothing," says the mustachioed and magisterial Williams. "Execution and teamwork are what do matter. I hate bases on balls; there's no defense for them. Physical mistakes may be understandable, but screwed-up fundamentals will kill you. I want my players to throw the ball over the plate, execute well and run those bases. I don't care if you run us out of some innings. You'll run us into more."

Of course, every manager—including the eight who previously piloted the Padres—preaches what he thinks will be a successful system. The difference is that Williams makes his work. He gives six of his players—Jones, First Baseman Gene Richards, Shortstop Garry Templeton, Third Baseman Luis Salazar, Leftfielder Alan Wiggins and Rightfielder Sixto Lezcano—the green light. Led by rookie Wiggins, who had 23 steals in 29 attempts, the Padres were third in the National League with 70 stolen bases. By no coincidence, they were second to West leader Atlanta in runs, with 4.59 a game. "Since we don't have much power [they've been outscored 45-31] we have to create run-scoring opportunities for the next batter," says Jones. "We're winning because the manager gives us the freedom to be aggressive."

That's about as far as the freedom goes. Williams shocked the club in spring training by benching Lezcano and First Baseman Broderick Perkins for making mental mistakes and refused to sign Bill North, the heir apparent in centerfield, when North asked for what the manager considered too many days off. "Jones was better suited for us as a cleanup hitter than North would have been as a No. 2 hitter," explained Williams, but the players got a message that had nothing to do with tactics. Jones, who had had a mediocre spring up to that point, got four hits the day North departed and has been in high gear ever since. The other Padres decided to work more and complain less.

A chart in the San Diego locker room shows each player's record in 13 categories including defensive plays that saved wins, moving runners from second to third with no outs; driving in men from third with fewer than two outs ("a double plus," says Williams); game-winning runs batted in, and missed signs.

The Padres are also executing in ways that don't show up in the stats. Two that do: They've had four more at bats than their opponents but have outscored them 289-241 and outsacrificed them 51-48.

"If one pitcher fails to sacrifice, Dick

will have all of us bunting in batting practice," says Pitcher John Montefusco. "Lay down a good one in a game, and you get a standing ovation from the other pitchers."

The Padre pitchers also got a message in spring training. "After every game we'd see two numbers on the bottom of a chalkboard," says Tim Lollar, who leads the staff with a 6-2 record and a 2.45 ERA. "No one told us what they were. Finally we figured it out: One number

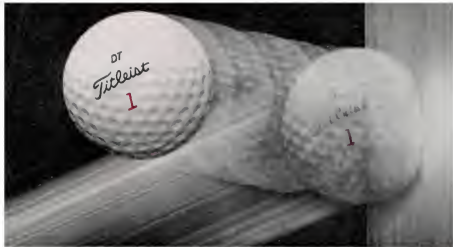
Aggressor No. 1 is speedball Leftfielder Wiggins, who has 23 steals in 29 attempts.



meant how many walks we'd given up, and the other, which was usually more than half the first, was how many of those walks scored. It was a very subtle way of teaching us."

During the season Williams has been much less subtle. Next to each pitcher's name he posts walks yielded to leadoff batters and pitchers, and walks that scored. The practice has plainly paid off. Last in the league with 3.76 walks per game in 1981, the 1982 Padres are first with a 2.83 average. Meanwhile, the ERA has dropped from 3.72 to 3.32

continued



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Richard Hirschfeld Williams was born 53 years ago, in St. Louis. By the time he was seven, he had wangled his way into the Knothole Gang for Browns games, even though the minimum age for membership was 10. Williams' personality was shaped by his father, Harvey, a hard-driving man who was out of work for five years during the Depression and was variously a Navy recruit, a high diver, a swimmer and a municipal-league umpire. Harvey Williams died when Dick was 16. "He was very strict and stern," says Williams. "He taught me that you can either take it or you can't, that life is hard work."

Williams signed to play in the Dodger organization two days after he graduated from high school, in 1947. He spent 13 years in the majors with five different teams, playing the outfield and three infield positions and batting .260. As a Baltimore Oriole he once played six different positions in a doubleheader.

"I was influenced by three different managers who wouldn't agree on much if you put them in a room," Williams says. "There was my minor league manager, Bobby Bragan, a Branch Rickey man who believed in fundamentals and total team effort. Then there was Paul Richards, who kept me in the majors four different times—three times with Baltimore and once, on paper, with Houston. Richards was a stickler for pitching and defense. And finally there was Charley

Dressen, who managed me in Brooklyn. He was always first-person singular: 'I did this. I did that.' He taught me what not to do."

Williams' big-league playing career ended with the 1964 Red Sox, and he was immediately hired as player-coach of Boston's Triple A team in Seattle. In 1965 the club moved to Toronto, and Williams moved with it—as manager. Two years later the Red Sox job opened up, and Williams, who had guided Toronto to third- and second-place finishes, was hired. He summarily established himself as a disciplinarian and fundamentalist. Williams shocked the Boston "country club" by benching the over-weight George Scott during the 1967 pennant race, and made a Cy Young Award winner of Jim Lonborg by teaching him to throw strikes. A ninth-place team in 1966, Boston went to the seventh game of the 1967 World Series before finally losing to the St. Louis Cardinals.

In a pattern that would repeat itself, Williams was fired two years later amid accusations from his players of aloofness and sarcasm. After a year coaching for Gene Mauch in Montreal he went to Oakland and seemed to mellow with that scruffy bunch, most of whom admired Williams and despised owner Charles O. Finley. Under Williams the A's won three divisional titles and two world championships.

When the miserable Angels came knocking midway through the 1974 season, Williams moved on, languishing until July of 1976, when he was fired. "We didn't have any talent and didn't spend any money," says Williams.

The experience rapidly unmellowed him. "Dick was exceptionally smart but a little difficult to close the door and have a heart-to-heart with," says Seattle's Bruce Bochte, who broke in with the Angels in 1974. In 1977 Williams took over an Expo team that had lost 107 games the previous season. Under Williams, Montreal finished fifth, fourth, second and

second, losing the 1979 and 1980 races on the last weekend of the season. With the Expos in second place, 1½ games back last Sept. 8, Williams was replaced by Jim Fanning amid the usual charges. Williams was becoming known as a manager who built winners with youth but couldn't handle the veterans.

"In Montreal he supposedly couldn't communicate with the players and front office," says San Diego President Ballard Smith, "but I decided I'd make my own judgment. There must be some other Dick Williams around. We liked him be-



Kennedy and Kurt Bevaque glad-hand Curtis after a win.

cause he had an excellent track record and because we felt he could get the respect of his players."

As ever, Williams-watchers are waiting for him to outlive his welcome. They say the players will turn on him, either when the Padres start losing or when the players age a year or two and aren't as easily intimidated. But Williams' fifth major league managing job is different from his other four in one important respect: For the first time in his career he has the virtually unwavering support of the front office. Not to mention a three-year contract at approximately \$200,000 per season. "If you cross him," says Tolan, "you'll probably only cross him once."

No second-guesser could ask for anything more.

END

And now for the sublimely inspirational and truly heartwarming tale of two boys and their dog. Well, to be absolutely honest, the dog is in there for comic relief—that's because the dog is all sort of shambly and burps a lot, a Newfoundland puppy named Chiang, soon to be 150 pounds, with paws the size of saucers. She has a tendency to gulp her food, including fingers if you feed her by hand. And then she sits around smiling and looking terrifically cuddly until finally somebody will say, "My, what a cunning dog," and Chiang will go *brasaanaggph*, like that.

The dog lumbers around the parking lot outside of Gold's Gym in Venice, Calif. every day while the two boys are inside, turning themselves into monsters. Venice is a particularly lunatic suburb of Los Angeles, and it seems to be just about the right spot for the gym. Gold's, as most everybody knows, is the world headquarters of bodybuilding.

There are no innuendos intended here. Bodybuilders are a delight to know and assuredly no more loony than you or I. Always remember that other people can hide their little vices, but with bodybuilders, the results of their obsession show. Besides, how can one not like a race of people whose conversation is studded with stuff like, "Today I'm going to do my pecs [pectorals] because yesterday I did my abs [abdominals]"? How can one not stand in wonder when a bunch of bodybuilders is assembled and there's a giddy sense that everybody in the room has just taken a deep breath? At any time of the day, it seems possible that Gold's Gym will tear loose from its foundations and rise, mirrors, body oil and all, and float lazily off toward the Aleutians.

The truth is, something almost that strange and wonderful is about to happen. Indeed, this story is by way of a scoop, for even as you read it, the world of bodybuilding and possibly even powerlifting and God knows what-else is on the verge of a shocking change. Up until now, bodybuilding has been, at least most of the time, a peaceful, narcis-



sistic, insulated world. But no more. The Barbarians are here and a new order is at hand. Hark! Hear that? *Brasaanaggph*.

The Barbarians are a team, two 25-year-old giants named Peter and David Paul—how sweetly, how innocently, those names fill upon the ear—recently of Hartford, Conn. and Narragansett,

R.I. They stand 6 feet and 6' 1", respectively, weigh 235 and 245, and have 20½-inch necks and 59-inch chests. Peter and David are fraternal twins, the third and fourth children of Lenny and Teddy Paul, an erstwhile vigorous, athletic couple whom the boys totally exhausted before they finally left home a



Barbarians

Twins David and Peter Paul make a lot of primitive noises and do some uncivilized things while building humongous bodies **by BOB OTTUM**

few years ago. "As babies, we were what is known as late walkers but early climbers," says Peter, "and it wasn't long after we were born that, for the first time in her life, Mom would sit down at the

end of a day and pour herself a drink."

Now the twins are busily exhausting Venice specifically and the world of bodybuilding generally. Peter and David don't really train, they rampage. They in-

Visigoths in Venice? No, it's simply David (left), Peter and Lisa, stealing a rare rest.

vade the gym, falling upon huge weights and lifting them and then piling on more weights. They lurch from station to station with a rolling, top-heavy gait, often growling loudly as they go. When they are under enormous stress, perhaps a bench press with 500 pounds of iron held overhead, their roars of effort rattle the big windows at Gold's.

They don't claim to be the strongest men in the world—just the strongest bodybuilders. And definitely the strongest twins. "These guys are really radical," says Pete Grymkowski, who was Mr. World of 1977. "Pound for pound, they have greater muscle density than any bodybuilder in the country. And we don't even know what their peak will be because they're still climbing." Nobody has ever combined the two disciplines of bodybuilding and powerlifting before, and the simple effrontery of the idea has raised goofiness to a high plane.

And now, Peter stands trembling under a bar loaded with 535 pounds, veins standing out like thick phone lines along his neck. He glances to one side and grins. "How much fun can one guy have?" he says.

From behind him, David celebrates the lift. "Punch it, Pee-tah!" he yells. And then, while Pee-tah groans, he explains their motto. Well, one of their mottos. This one is imprinted on the backs of their T-shirts. A drawing depicts crossed axes, medieval-looking, presumably barbarian, with the blades lightly edged in blood. Above the axes it says:

NOT TILL YOU CRY

And below the axes, it says:

TRAIN TILL YOU DIE

That's it, and it doesn't get any more complicated, no matter how many philosophical curlicues the Barbarians add to it. They believe that, to attain physical—and thereby mental—perfection, one must train like an animal, a beast, a barbarian. Traditional bodybuilding niceties

continued

THE BARBARIANS *continued*



are out—the carefully logged schedules and graduated weights, and those long reflective moments spent staring into the mirror at the lyrical curve of a deltoid. Savagery does it. "See, you've got to react in training," David says. "You can't spend any time thinking. You must learn to be mean by instinct, get to the point where you're operating just on your *id*..." Indeed, that's how they got their name. It has nothing to do with the current movie, *Conan the Barbarian*. What it's about is lurching around under weights that no sane bodybuilder ever considered and then looking at each other one day, through red eyes, and murmuring, "Jeez, this is barbaric."

Peter, weight no longer in hand, holds up one paw for attention. "In order to do the impossible," he says, "you've got to see the invisible." Then he blinks in sincere wonder at the majesty of what he has just said.

"Let me put it another way," says David, "so that you can understand it. This is very tricky psychological territory. Now, suppose you're training in a gym, say, and your girl friend is there. And some great big guy comes in and—whap!—he smacks your girl friend in the face and knocks her down. You got that?"

David bestrides this stoic horse, and 500 pounds bestride David; he bench-presses it with a reverse grip as Peter spots him.



Well, now, do you look down the line of dumbbells on the rack for a 10-pound one you can pick up? No, you just grab the 250-pounder that's lying at your feet and you break it over his goddam head. That's a Barbarian reaction—and that's the way you should train."

"*Is instinct!*" says Peter. "You do it, you don't think about it. After all, the weights just lie there; they can't think."

David nods solemnly. "I've got another one," he says. "You ready? O.K. The Barbarian training method unchains your potential."

Well, maybe so, maybe not. But whatever it does, it plays in Los Angeles. Perhaps the community was fresh out of nut-ball fads when the Paul twins came along. In any case, the Barbarians have suddenly developed a following, small but intense. In bodybuilding, they're getting national publicity, and they're even receiving a degree of warm regard from the world of powerlifting, which has never exactly lavished affection on bodybuilders. The Barbarians actually made the cover of *Powerlifting-USA* magazine; the story called them the Cheech and Chong of the iron game. The *Los Angeles Times* has done them, as has local television. As for national TV, the twins have already lifted Merv Griffin and will no doubt bench-press Johnny Carson any time now. And they've written a screenplay that, they say, has captured the fancy of a certain Hollywood studio. Swell plot: It's about these twin brothers who are bodybuilders, see, who are "crudely lovable—totally without manners but, conversely, very moral."

But here's the wonder of it. So far, all of this has been done without the Barbarians ever appearing in a bodybuilding competition. Not one. Not Mesars. America, Olympia or Universe, not even Mr. Ocean Avenue in Venice. This phenomenon goes against all tradition. Arnold Schwarzenegger and Lou Ferrigno and Franco Columbu, all of the noted bodybuilders, paid their dues in an exhausting round of contests, each man carefully seeking and grateful for small scraps of publicity.

Not the Pauls. They have their special reason for staying away from contests, and it's part of a rather nifty plot that includes lumberjack costumes and eating 36 eggs apiece a day. Thirty-six eggs? But first, to better understand the peculiar makeup of these two boys and their dog, one has to go back to the beginning.

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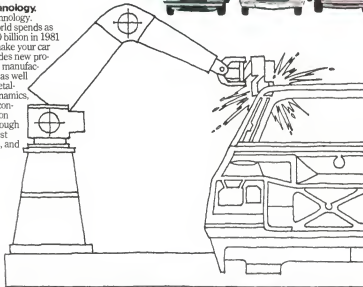
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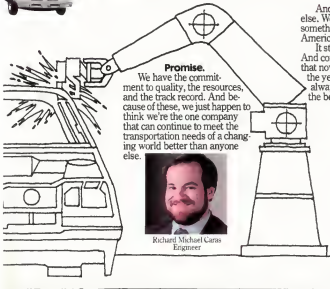
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"I'm supposed to be the oldest by three minutes," says Peter, "but it's possible I might really be David and he might really be me because the nurses put ID tags on the cribs but not on us, see?" So when they packed us up, who knows which baby was put down where?"

"There were plenty of early signs of what we were going to turn out to be," David says. "In nursery school, the teacher yelled at Peter for something, and I ran over and leaped on her and bit her on the leg really hard. I got expelled. From nursery school." "And you've heard about show-and-tell time," says Peter. "Well, in kindergarten, when David's turn came, he'd get up and show the class the fresh stitches on his head."

Their older brother, Hap, now 33, and sister, Debbi, 30, had grown up more or less peacefully. Hap graduated from Notre Dame, studied in Paris and is now a respected veterinarian in Davis, Calif. Debbi is a nurse in Ithaca, N.Y. The entire family is athletically oriented: Dad was a track star at Vermont, Mom has twice run the New York Marathon, last year in 4:08:39, and they all are avid skiers. But the doings of the twins had everybody off balance for a time.

"We were well known in the hospital emergency ward," Peter says. "We'd push each other's high chairs over—crash!—and cut our heads open. We sawed the legs off antique furniture. And there wasn't anything we couldn't destroy with a screwdriver." Says David, "We were finally diagnosed as hyperactive. They separated us in kindergarten."

A more searching series of tests at the first-grade level established that both Peter and David had dyslexia, a learning disability. Peter was kept in public school and David went to a private Catholic school. They were reunited in the sixth grade, and by high school, both were channeling their runaway energies into wrestling and football. "I started in the eighth grade at 90 pounds-and-under football, and I had to lose 10 pounds to make it," says Peter. "Imagine, a poor little schoolkid having to live on ice cubes and celery." Not long after that, as a 15-year-old 145-pounder, David was bench-pressing 300 pounds, "a world record, if we'd known back then." Inevitably, their bodies began to distort and swell.



As close to classic as they get, Peter and David do a little flexing at Gold's Gym.

It figures that David made All-Connecticut as a middle guard in football in 1974 and that both boys made All-New England in wrestling the following summer, despite being awash in what they call negative energy, "because," Peter says, "the stereotype is that, if you're big and strong, you're big and dumb."

Ahh, but the magic of pumping iron was already starting to cast its inescapable spell, as the Barbarians now put it, and after a run at five colleges between them, the twins opened a casual sort of gym called P & D's House of Iron in Narragansett in 1977. "Nice place," says Pe-

ter. "I rather liked the way it was furnished," says David. "The mirrors all came from men's rooms at the University of Rhode Island." It was about that time that the twins began having occasional run-ins with the Narragansett cops, mostly over Barbarian driving habits, and it was also about that time that the Big Family Conference took place.

The way the twins tell it, their relations with Mom and Dad are strained, are in what might be called a state of testy cordiality. Things really began to go bad when the boys wanted to go to California to seek fame and fortune. The folks wanted them, for heaven's sake, to settle down and do something, anything, sane. So David made a little speech to his parents. "We're going to become really rich and famous," he said. "And there'll be national magazine stories and big television shows and all stuff like that. And when we get on Johnny Carson, he'll ask us if our folks were supportive about our career as bodybuilders. Now, what do we say in front of the whole world? Do we tell the truth, or do we say that, yes, the folks were behind us all the way?"

As Peter recalls it, their dad growled, "Why don't you tell them the truth?"

We must now face this pungent fact of life: Nobody has ever heard of a well-groomed barbarian. True barbarians do not mince around trailing

continued



David grabbing "reinforcement" from twins' hypnotherapist, Peter Siegel.

the faint, Woody scent of good cologne. On this steamy afternoon in Venice, Peter is wearing a blue plaid flannel work shirt and tan work pants and lumberjack boots. The boots are untied and the laces trail back on each side. A red cowboy bandanna is wrapped around his forehead. David is wearing a maroon velvet hooded pullover that, from some angles, looks like the cover for a settee, and gray sweat pants tucked into white cowboy boots. A blue bandanna is tied around his head. Aunt Jemima style, and perched on top of that is a green-and-white mesh billed cap a few sizes too small. In spite of their stunning getups, the twins look startlingly alike. For identification: David is the one with the two earrings in his left ear, one a plain gold loop, one with a modest diamond chip.

All this stuff isn't costuming. This is what they wear—training, eating, hanging out. They have shambled into the

cept won't do you any good in the game.' But this is 260 pounds we're curling, and many linemen weigh about that."

There are other numbers: the fearsome, seated, behind-the-neck press—225 pounds for 20 repetitions and then 365 pounds just once. That one's performed only by the Barbarians and, they think, maybe one other guy somewhere in Canada. David does a 500-pound reverse-grip bench press, knuckles forward, that's frightening in its degree of difficulty. He staggers around for a few moments, huffing, and then does a 235-pound barbell curl, 20 reps. Then, each Barbarian does a 500-pound front squat. That's with the barbell across the chest, the great lung-collapser of all time.

There are other lifts, each as outrageous in its way, and as the numbers and the groans and shouts grow, gradually the rest of the gym falls silent. Otherwise brutish bodybuilders stand watching,



Peter, Lisa, Chiang and David—before they were all thrown out of this restaurant.

gym on this day, Peter's boot laces trailing behind him like dirty spaghetti, and attacked the weights. No special sequence, no sense of orderly workout. David stretches out on a bench under two dumbbells, each loaded with 130 pounds, and does curls, 20 reps. "It ain't easy," he says, his voice shaking, "being big and being all muscle."

"That's for his biceps," Peter says. "When we were playing football, the coach would tell us, 'Don't do them, br-

sometimes growling softly in unison or flexing their chests in sympathy. When the weight slams down with its metallic clang, a sigh goes around the room.

As the twins work out, their clothes grow gradually darker, then totally soggy with sweat. Elsewhere in the gym flashes of bare chest glisten under loose undershirts and tank tops, mighty exposed thighs tremble beneath the skimpiest of shorts. But with the Barbarians, nothing comes off. Well, maybe the boots now

and then. But even that doesn't really matter because their feet are covered with two and three pairs of sweat socks, the floppy toes curling around and under like feet on monster Dr. Dentons.

Nothing unusual, says Lisa Schultz, Peter's girl friend. At the gym, Lisa hovers just off to one side every day; she's 17, a shapely 104 pounds, with absolutely perfect teeth and inch-long maroon fingernails. Lisa appears on the Barbarian posters with the boys, though her mom grumps that Lisa's costume shows entirely too much bosom. "The guys don't care too much about clothes," Lisa says. "When these are being washed, they've got others just like them. They keep all their clothes in green plastic garbage bags in the trunk of the car, and sometimes, if they haven't got time to wash them, they'll just throw the sweaty wet ones into a dryer. It's faster."

Life has been like this ever since the twins came to California in May of 1979: Being a Barbarian is a hectic, slapdash existence.

"Our first apartment was a ratty little place on Ocean Avenue not far from the

Peter and David did get on Merv Griffin, although here it appears to be vice versa.

bench," Peter says. It was also smack across the street from the Pritikin Longevity Center, a famous place, in its way, particularly among dieters. Early in the morning, the Pritikin people would come out for their obligatory jog. First they'd line up for calf-stretching exercise, palms flat against the building, feet placed well back. And Peter and David would burst out of their apartment and run across, yelling, "Wait! Just a minute, we'll help push it over!" And they'd lean against the building with the rest, pushing mightily, muscles all flexed. Nathan Pritikin and staff didn't take kindly to that, and thought even less of what happened later on a typical morning.

"Well, we were on this protein binge then," David says. "Our muscle mass was growing and growing—so we got to eating 36 eggs a day. That's 36 eggs each. Open our refrigerator door and inside was a solid wall of blue egg cartons. We'd soft-boil a dozen at a time, see, and then

pour the mess into a blender with a half-gallon of milk and some ice cream and drink it all down." Says Peter, "It was awful. We'd have to lie down right away to keep from puking."

"He means throwing up," David says loftily, eyebrows raised. "Be nice."

"I'll tell you what I mean," says Peter. "Here would come this Pritikin exercise class, all sparkling in their matching warm-up outfits with the logo, every damn one of them existing on maybe half a calorie a day. And just as they'd get opposite our apartment we'd both come dashing out and puke over the railing of our balcony. Now that taught them something about nutrition."

That apartment in Venice probably should be dipped in bronze as a sort of monument to free spirit in sport. The shower faucet dripped from the moment the Barbarians moved in. "We asked, we begged, the landlord to fix it," says Peter.

"So one day David said, 'Never fear, I'll shut that sucker off.' And he grabbed it and gave it a huge twist, and damn near twisted the whole wall down, tile and all." It never dripped again. Never showed again, either. The twins were thrown out. Well, of course they were

continued



Ticketing Barbarians is special duty: Right, David, Lisa and Peter try sweet reasonableness. When that fails, the uncapped cop gets a rise out of Peter.



thrown out; it's a matter of both pride and practicality with them. They've discovered that the throwing-out process creates a sort of legal vacuum for about six weeks during which the evictees can stay on while disputing the action.

The Barbarians now agree that all this was a bit excessive, and Mr. Pritikin might be pleased to hear that they've also modified their diet considerably. "We've settled on 7,000 calories each per day," says Peter, "and with two long workouts a day and often another at night, we're burning them all off."

"Fastest metabolisms in the West," says David.

The twins now lay down a base of carob milk or kefir, a fermented milk beverage containing 3.5% butterfat, some 200 calories per cup. They drink a quart before working out and another quart after, adding occasional packets of Hostess Cup Cakes. Counting regular, more or less nutritionally balanced meals, including not quite so many eggs, the twins eat every half hour or so all day long. At night, watching television, they snack on Popsicles, ice cream, cookies, Doritos and Cap'n Crunch breakfast cereal, maintaining, withal, a scant 6% body fat, impressive by anybody's count.

Indeed, the Barbarians figure that their regimen—particularly the constant workouts—has put them somewhere out there far beyond any need for steroids, which they think are for lifters who don't want to train hard. And, little by little, the legend grows. A bit fantastic, true, but only because the Barbarians really believe about half that stuff about instincts. They instinctively feel that the best way to build a career is to leap on the public and stomp it into attention.

This pays off in curious ways. Take that thing with the car, for instance. "Well, well," says Peter, "you know how it goes. You're busy training all day, and at Gold's former location—the gym recently moved—it was all parking meters out front. So when we'd get into the car, we'd pluck the parking tickets from under the windshield wiper and toss them over our shoulder into the back seat."

"Then late one night we just happened to be going the wrong way down a one-way street," says David. "Cop stopped us. He watched Peter sort of lunging to get his shoulders out of the car door. It isn't easy for us to get in and out of cars. And then I got out, and the guy radioed for reinforcements. Still, it was all very

friendly until one of the cops happened to shine his flashlight into the back seat of our car. 'What is it with all this conflict?' he said."

Peter nods reminiscently. "What it was," he says, "was \$6,000 worth of parking tickets." The cops have taken to saying resignedly about this sort of thing, "Just get out of here," Peter says. "We don't know what it is, but we just get away with that kind of stuff—the cops think it's so ridiculous."

It is now time to speak of secret plans and campaigns, to tell of a scheme that promises to rattle the cage of bodybuilding. It will work, of course—ain't no way it can fail—and the boys will make even more money from the sale of Barbarian T-shirts, posters, training equipment, etc., and somehow the rest of us will all be just a little finer for it.

The dog is waiting at 9 p.m. when the twins and Lisa and a friend come staggering out of Gold's Gym. There have been three tough workouts today and the dog has been lonely. She leaps excitedly in great black-and-white bounces, flapping those big paws. "Sit!" says David, and she sits down, plop, on the friend's



right foot. And goes braaaaaagghh.

Everybody—everybody—gets into a limeade-colored Plymouth Reliant K that the friend has rented from Hertz. The Barbarians and Lisa and Chang have been using the K-car for a couple of days. They borrowed it because all of their vehicles are currently wrecked. Getting the troupe into the Plymouth takes quite a bit of time, with much shoving of shoulders and biceps and big feet, but it works out, with the dog suspended





between the front seats, drooling indiscriminately on everybody. The twins are between apartments—it was because of the dog that they were evicted this time, and they've been sleeping on the floor here and there with various friends. The dog has been staying overnight at the home of a suburban pal who also owns a couple of sheep. The twins have, as mentioned, worked out three times today, and they haven't changed clothes once. In fact, they're still soaked with sweat.

Quickly, the windows steam up in the little Plymouth. Within minutes, the atmosphere inside the car is enough to make the eyes water. "Tell you what," says Peter, "let's maybe find a place where we can clean up so we can get some dinner, huh? Or we can go like this."

"Umm, somebody's got to shower first," says David. "Us or the dog."

The dog nods vigorously and burps. By now, all of this has begun to seem perfectly normal to the friend, and off they go in search of someone, anyone, who'll let them borrow a shower.

"Now for our plan," says Peter, tooling through Venice and then Marana del Rey, everybody in the car ignoring the stares from other motorists. "See, there's a reason for our wearing clothing all the time. Baggy stuff like this hides a lot. Oh, we've been seen, sure. We've been photographed a bit, and we've occasionally appeared in more or less proper bodybuilding regalia. But not often. And meanwhile, strange and wonderful things are happening under these clothes."

"We were big when we got here," says David. "But we're monsters now. Necks, 20½ unflexed. Biceps, 21, pumped. Waists, 31, and thighs . . . wow!"

"Our potential competitors fear that this is the case," Peter adds. "But the thing is: They don't know for sure."

Home is where the—junk?—is. Peter and David in one of their former bedrooms.

Both brothers take great delight in the fact that a year or so ago rumor had it that the Barbarians were fine as far as they went, but that both suffered from a case of dreaded matchstick leg, an impossible condition for any serious bodybuilder. "In truth," says David, "Arnold Schwarzenegger is 27 inches around the thigh on a good day. We are 28, easy, and growing. And our symmetry is more perfect. On the day we decide to show our legs, people will cry."

And so there it is: One day soon, the Barbarians will achieve what they consider to be perfection. Absolute symmetry of line. Flawless muscle shape, size and proportion. Their cuts (muscle definition) will be just right. And only then will they consider entering a contest of any kind.

"I'd score them 100% right now, this minute," Grymkowski had said earlier in the day. "Right now, they could win just about any title they wanted."

But the idea is to enter and . . . "We just want to come out and stand there," says Peter. "We don't want to pump or flex. Just stand there and . . ."

" . . . and have everybody go crazy," says David. "That will be perfection."

"It's Barbarian," says Peter.

All this is eminently possible. It helps that the bodybuilding world is about ready for a stunt like this—things have been mostly dull since Arnold went off into the movies—so the twins have but to wait for the right moment.

Any day now.

The problem is: Mr. America as a title doesn't really do it. Not quite right. Nor Mr. Universe, nor Mr. Olympia. They're nice, in their way, conjuring up as they do visions of bodies all oily and shiny like slippery statues. But they just aren't enough for the Barbarians. A gentleman named John Flynn, who represents the twins in some of their ventures, figures that perhaps a whole new contest ought to be created and called MISTER INFINITY. Twin winners.

Well, it's best to let others work all that out. Most likely what they decide on will be majestic enough to fit the occasion. But in the meantime we've got to get this car somewhere, anywhere, where somebody can get cleaned up, or Hertz is never going to be able to rent it again.

Shower time, right, puppy dog?

The dog sniffs the air happily, wagging her tail as the car sways from lane to lane. "Braaaaagggh," she says.





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BASEBALL

Get ready for Fernandezmania. The Los Angeles Dodgers have a 19-year-old lefthanded pitcher shooting up through their farm system faster than a Minuteman missile. And about as destructive, too. Sid Fernandez was born in Hawaii, made his professional debut last year in Canada, began this season in Vero Beach, Fla. and last week was mowin' 'em down in Albuquerque. Next stop: Dodger Stadium.

After beating Tucson 4-3 last week on a six-hitter in which he struck out 10, Fernandez' professional credentials stood at 175½ innings, 288 strikeouts, 74 walks, a 15-2 record and a 1.84 ERA. When the Dodgers drafted him in the third round out of Honolulu's Kaiser High two years ago, he was just another

prospect. Now he's being called the second coming of (pick one): a) Fernando Valenzuela; b) Vida Blue; c) Sandy Koufax.

Fernandez is the son of a fourth-generation Hawaiian father and a Portuguese mother who stand 5' 8" and 5' 5", respectively. Sid is 6' 3", 215 pounds, down from 240 last year. He wears it well despite thickness through his middle (see a). His face is somehow familiar—a melding of Errol Flynn, Warner Oland and John Candelaria. His style is unfamiliar. It isn't so much how fast Fernandez throws the ball (the mph ranges from the high 80s to low 90s) as how he throws the ball fast. "His release point is so low, it is almost impossible to pick up," says Ben Wade, director of Dodger scouting.

by Ralph Wiley

At the end of Fernandez' delivery, his neck is bent and his head juts out like a gargoyle's. "He gets so low he drags the instep of his left foot," says Albuquerque Pitching Coach Brent Strom. "He goes through shoestrings like water."

Fernandez' fastball doesn't rise; it beams up. Says Strom, "Our catcher, Don Crow, says that when Fernandez starts the fastball out at the ankles, it ends knee-high, and if he starts it knee-high, it comes in waist-high. Most guys work down through the strike zone. Sid works up."

And he works up fast. Fernandez went 5-1 with a 1.54 ERA at Lethbridge in the rookie Pioneer League last year. In his final three games there, he struck out 18, 21 and 18 batters.

Then he returned to Kailua, on the windward coast of Oahu. For a week he feasted on sushi and prepared for the Arizona Instructional League. In March, Fernandez reported to Vero Beach of the Class A Florida State League, where he went 8-1 with a 1.91 ERA. Among his wins: two no-hitters, one one-hitter, one two-hitter and one three-hitter.

Fernandez had retired 48 men without a hit for Vero Beach, including a concluding no-hitter against Fort Lauderdale, when he joined Albuquerque to become the most phenomenal phenom on a team studded with them. Wade says flat out, "He's the best-looking young left-hander I've ever seen."

Normally, the arrival of a fastball pitcher, even one with the credentials and reputation of Fernandez, wouldn't cause much of a ripple at the Class AAA affiliate. After all, Albuquerque's Sports Stadium is a hitter's paradise. And these are the Dukes, or, if you want to talk heat, the Nukes, the most prolific missile-searers in minor league ball.

Michael (Tack) Wilson was hitting .426 when he was benched for 12 straight games because the Dodgers' rookie outfielder, Ron Roenicke, needed to play somewhere. At week's end Outfielder Candy Maldonado had a .321 average, 16 homers and 61 RBIs. Outfielder Mike

continued

This Duke's a real hazard

Albuquerque's Sid Fernandez is only 19 but he reminds everybody of...





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ALL THE BEST YOU CAN BE



Marshall, the minor league Player of the Year in 1981, was hitting .390. Marshall moved from first base to the outfield this season to make room at first for Greg Brock, who had 77 RBIs and 23 homers. It was Brock who was lofting a grand slam toward Sante Fe when Fernandez landed in Albuquerque on June 10.

Fernandez, however, is caught in the vortex of Fernando-mania. "I can't remember a day when someone didn't compare me to him," he says. "It's flattering, and an honor, but I'm Sid Fernandez. We don't pitch alike."

Fernandez came widely to Albuquerque, not wanting to offend. "Turned out the people were great," he says. "They treat me like another pro, not a 19-year-old. Nobody's called me rookie. Imagine how they could have reacted, guys like Mike Marshall who deserve to be in the major leagues."

The Dukes belong in a higher league. On Sunday, with one game remaining in the first half of the Pacific Coast League's split season, they had a 45-25 record and led the Southern Division by 9½ games. Their park is "the worst in America to pitch in," according to Jerry Stephenson, a Dodger scout and a former Duke pitcher (1972) and coach (1973). Sports Stadium sits on a rust-red mesa, with the flinty ridges of the Sandias as backdrop. The park is 6,000 feet above sea level. There isn't enough humidity for tears. The wind can scream, and it always seems to blow out, carrying the ball with it.

"Last year people would leave our games on the fifth or sixth inning," says Albuquerque President Pat McKernan, "not because they were bored, but we had so many hits they'd look at their watches and say, 'It's almost 10 o'clock,' and leave."

Note the lack of pitching lore. The team ERA last season was 4.25. Everybody wants his turn at Albuquerque, everybody except the pitchers. "I expect Sid'll definitely be up here [in L.A.] before long," says Wade, "although I don't make those decisions."

Dodger Vice-President Al Campanis, who does, last week dispatched Stephenson to critique Fernandez. "He's 19, he's got a bit to learn," says Albuquerque Manager Del Crandall, who caught Warren Spahn regularly. "I hope Sid gets a chance to work things out before big league pressure comes."

Fernandez, "nervous and scared," had

his good fastball for his first start in Albuquerque, a 14-4 win over Phoenix on June 13. Eleven of his first 12 outs were strikeouts, and he finished with 13 to tie the Dukes' nine-inning record. He did all of this in only six innings because the Dodgers have imposed a 140-pitch limit on him.

With Stephenson watching his second start, against Tucson, Fernandez didn't have his good fastball, but that made the 120-pitch, complete-game victory doubly impressive. It marked him as a more mature pitcher than had been previously believed. Fernandez gave up two home runs and a run-scoring double. But he struck out the next batter after each of those hits and allowed only two hits over the last five innings. He got half of his 10 strikeouts on curveballs on the outside black. He even used a changeup to get out of one mini-jam.

"I pitched tonight," he said later. "I didn't throw. The guy on the gun had me at about 85 [mph], and he said it wasn't bad in the teeth of this wind. [It had gust] up to 35 mph.] This kind of game will get me into the major leagues."

"Our left-handed hitters were lost against him," said Tucson reliever Randy Moffitt, formerly of San Francisco and Houston. "They said the ball looked like it was coming out of his uniform."

Tucson Outfielder Bob Pate, a right-handed batter who smoked a Fernandez fastball out of the park on a line, said, "I had no trouble seeing him, but you have to lay off that thigh-high fastball. It rises a foot."

"You've got to remember the park. He just needs to pitch, is all," said Stephenson. Fernandez does have trouble pitching out of the stretch. His windup is protracted, so the pause of the stretch and the annoyance of runners constrict him. He also has difficulty controlling the curve at these times (see c).

"Sometimes he drops his elbow and the ball will fly on him," says Strom. "With his leg action, he's similar to Koufax. I hope they don't rush him." Would a trip to L.A. this year be rushing him? "I think so."

"I know I can't strike everybody out," says Fernandez. "What makes me nervous is when everyone thinks I'm Superman. I'm aggressive. I never want to leave a game. I'll throw 'em fastballs. But I'm human."

Is he prepared for what can happen to

a left-handed flamethrowing/innocent/

manchild/folk hero/pop celebrity in the majors (see b)? "I know, I know," he says. "I think I could handle it. I sure would like to try."

When he does, don't pity the other Dukes. They'll be along shortly.

THE WEEK

(June 14-20)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST The Phillies couldn't find the right combination at Wrigley Field. In the opener of a three-game series there, they thought they had the right numbers to end their two-game losing streak—12 (hits), six (Cub errors), 11 (runs). But the Cubs (4-3), who without a four-run Philadelphia ninth, came up with the winning combination—19 (hits), three (homers), 12 (runs). Chicago went on to sweep the series, winning the second game 8-5 and the third 7-6 on a game-winning single in the 11th by Ryne Sandberg. Sandberg was one of a flock of former Phillies who tormented their old club in the sweep. Larry Bowa, who'd gotten only six hits in his previous seven games, had six against Philadelphia. Sandberg added four hits, Keith Moreland three and Jay Johnstone one. And in the middle game, former Phils Doug Bird and Mike Proby picked up the win and save, respectively. In all, Chicago pounded out 41 hits against Philadelphia. Bill Buckner got eight, and Leon Durham drove in six runs. The only unhappy news for the Cubs was that Leftfielder Scott Thompson suffered a broken collarbone when he crashed into the wall while robbing Luis Aguayo of a probable double and two RBIs on the 11th inning of Game 3. Chicago then beat Montreal 12-8 by stealing four bases and amassing 16 hits. Buckner had four of those hits.

Catcher Gary Carter of the Expos (4-3) may have helped put an end to Buckner's batting spree. Five days after Buckner had smashed Carter's mask with a bat, Carter retaliated by slamming Buck's bat on the ground and breaking it. Later in the game the two exchanged a few harmless punches. Buckner had one hit in that game, which Montreal's Steve Rogers won 4-0, and went hitless in the next, a 5-2 Expo victory. Like Chicago, Montreal lost a leftfielder, Terry Francona, who was hitting .321, in out for the rest of the season after tearing up his right knee; he caught his spikes in the rubber warning track while chasing a fly ball at Busch Memorial Stadium. The Expos beat the Cardinals 8-3 in that game as Andre Dawson drove in three runs, his first RBIs in eight games.

St. Louis (3-4) won the other two games of the series, 2-1 and 3-2. The Cardinals won

the opener even though Expo Shortstop Chris Speier pulled off the hidden-ball trick against Orrie Smith. Speier executed the play when he took a throw from the outfield and then tagged out Smith as he edged off second base. In the second game, Smith doubled in the 11th inning and scored the clinching run on a single by Willie McGee.

New York (4-2) twice rallied to defeat St. Louis. Wally Backman and Ellis Valentine drove in two runs apiece during a five-run ninth against ace reliever Bruce Sutter to beat the Cardinals 5-3. The next night Dave Kingman's three-run homer in the eighth was the difference in an 8-5 victory. George Foster also homered for the Mets in that game and went 5 for 5. On Sunday, John Stearns tripled across two runs in the 10th to beat Sutter again, 5-4.

Philadelphia (3-4) ended a five-game skid by winning 4-3 in Pittsburgh as Gary Matthews hit his second home run of the game in the 11th. Mike Krukow then beat the Pirates 8-3 to become the first Philly right-handed starter since August 1978 to win at Three Rivers Stadium. When Steve Carlton defeated the Pirates 8-3, the Phillies had won three consecutive games in Pittsburgh for the first time since 1971. For the week, Matthews had 10 RBIs. Garry Maddox hit 417 and Pete Rose batted .387 as he became the fifth player in major league history to compete in 3,000 games.

Five RBIs by Jason Thompson propelled the Pirates (2-4) past the Mets (3-5). In that game the Bucs pounded out 17 hits.

STL 38-28 MONT 35-27 NY 34-30

PHIL 33-30 PITT 28-33 CHC 25-42

NL WEST Los Angeles (6-0) feasted on taters and goose eggs to move above .500. Dusty Baker's home run in the 11th beat the Padres 4-3, and Pedro Guerrero's homer gave Fernando Valenzuela his ninth win, 2-1 over the Reds in Cincinnati. Between those games, both Baker and Guerrero homered as Bob Welch beat San Diego 6-0. Jerry Reuss also shut out the Padres 3-0. During one stretch of 40 innings, Dodger pitchers gave up only three runs.

Surprising San Diego (page 22) and Atlanta (3-3) remained ahead of L.A. Bob Walk helped keep the Braves in first place by throwing a four-hitter in a 7-0 defeat of Houston (3-3). Earlier the Astros beat the Braves 9-0 behind the six-hit pitching of Joe Niekro and a season-high 15 hits. Houston's Nolan Ryan struck out 11 in a 7-2 victory over the Padres.

Manager Frank Robinson of San Francisco (1-3) was so upset with his starting pitchers that he thought of putting relievers Gary LaVelle, Jim Barr and Al Holland in the rotation. Robinson also complained about his players' sloppy baserunning and about stranding a total of 39 runners in four games. He also found

continued



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no virtue in the off-season trade that sent Larry Herndon to Detroit, where he already has hit 13 home runs, for pitchers Dan Schatzeder and Mike Chris. Schatzeder was sold last week to Montreal, and Chris was sent to the minors. But Robinson found no fault with Chili Davis, who had nine RBIs during the week, or with Joe Morgan, who batted .471.

Cesar Cedeño lost a fly ball in the lights in the 11th to give the Dodgers a 3-2 win over the Reds (2-4). Earlier in the week, however, Cedeño hit two homers and had eight RBIs as lead Cincinnati to 7-3 and 4-2 defeats of San Francisco. Tom Hume got his 13th and 14th saves of the season in those games.

ATL 39-25 SD 35-26 LA 35-32
SF 30-37 HOU 28-37 CIN 27-38

AL EAST Catcher Ted Simmons of the Brewers (5-1), thinking that a strikeout had ended the Orioles' half of the third, flipped the ball behind the plate to Umpire George Maloney, who correctly let the ball drop. In fact, the strikeout was only the second out. Simmons' blunder allowed two Baltimore runners to advance, and they scored on Joe Nolan's single. The game was called after nine innings because of rain with the score tied 2-2. Twelve homers carried Milwaukee all week. Ben Oglivie cleared the fences three times on Sunday to defeat Detroit 7-5. Robin Yount got 10 RBIs and four homers, and Rolfie Fingers hit three saves.

Jim Clancy of Toronto (4-3) won for the seventh time in his last eight decisions when Dave Revering hit a two-run homer in the ninth to beat California 2-0. In Oakland, Damaso Garcia singled in the 12th, his fifth hit of the night, and then Garth Iorg and Lloyd Moseby doubled to give the Blue Jays a 3-1 victory. For the week, Garcia batted .375 and stole four bases.

The Yankees (4-3), who were in danger of replacing the Blue Jays in last place, played some of their best ball of the season in sweeping first-place Boston. First, Ron Guidry won 5-1; then a three-run eighth, in which Ken Griffey hit a two-run homer, beat the Sox 5-4; and, finally, Dave Righetti survived eight walks in a rain-shortened six-inning game to defeat the Sox 4-1. Later, Willie Randolph's fourth hit of the game beat the Orioles 4-3 in 16 innings.

Cleveland (4-2) swept a doubleheader from Detroit, 5-0 and 2-1. Len Barker fanned 11 Tigers in winning the opener on a four-hit tie. In the second game, Rick Sutcliffe and Dan Spillner combined for another four-hit, and Andre Thornton hit his 18th home run. Those losses were part of a seven-game losing streak for Detroit (0-6).

Boston (2-5) limped along without Jim Rice, who had a pulled leg muscle. But Mike Torrez, leading Manager Ralph Houk's suggestion that he "work quicker," did pre-

BALL PARK FIGURES

According to an SI poll of the best base stealers in the majors, the easiest pitchers to steal on are:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Len Barker, Cleve
2. Charlie Hough, Tex
3. Dennis Eckensley, Bos
4. Goose Gosage, NY
5. Dennis Martinez, Balt
5. Mark Cleary, Bos

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Nolan Ryan, Hoos
2. Dick Ruthven, Phil
3. Ron Reed, Phil
4. Tom Seaver, Cin
5. Phil Niekro, Atl
5. Randy Jones, NY

cisely that and defeated the Indians 6-3.

Dan Ford's pinch-hit grand slam carried the Orioles (3-2) past the Brewers 9-4. Jim Palmer, with last-out relief help from Tippy Martinez, defeated the Yankees 4-1 on three hits, and Joe Nolan's 11th-inning home run beat Goose Gosage 5-3.

BOS 39-25 DET 35-26 MIL 35-29 BAL 32-39
CLEV 31-31 NY 30-31 TOR 31-35

AL WEST Manager Don Zimmer of Texas (4-3) stuck with his decision despite knowing that if it backfired he "would have had a one-way ticket to St. Petersburg." What Zim did, with his team leading the Twins 3-2 with two out and nobody on in the last of the ninth, was have reliever Steve Comer intentionally walk rookie Kent Hrbek, who had a .338 average and 15 home runs. That risky move brought up Jesus Vega, a .285 hitter with four homers. Fortunately for Zimmer, Vega grounded out to end the game. The following night, Buddy Bell, who batted .393 and drove in eight runs during the week, hit two homers to lead Texas to a 6-3 win over Minnesota. Ranger rookie Dave Hostetler continued to provide sorely needed oomph by belting three homers. The Rangers' Rick Honeycutt had his snaker working as he got 22 ground-ball outs en route to a 5-1 defeat of Seattle, a game in which Bell had three RBIs.

Tom Brunansky of the Twins (2-4), another rookie with power, got his ninth homer in a 5-2 win over Kansas City. The victory went to rookie Frank (Sweet Music) Viola, who didn't fliddle around while pitching seven strong innings.

Rickey Henderson of the A's (1-6) ran into a dry spell, but after getting caught stealing four times in a row, he was safe on his next two attempts. Those thefts left Henderson

with 66 stolen bases in 68 games. Casualty report: Oakland's Mike Norris went on the disabled list with tendinitis in his right shoulder; A's Manager Billy Martin left one game in the sixth inning because of muscle spasms in his neck; and Matt Keough, with one pitch, hit Toronto's Willie Upshaw in the chest and fractured home-plate Umpire Mark Johnson's right hand.

Jim Beattie and Mike Stanton of the Mariners (3-4) combined on a three-hitter that disposed of the Rangers 4-0. In Beattie's next start, he fanned 10 Royals in seven innings and was a 10-3 winner as Seattle overcame a 3-0 deficit for its 21st come-from-behind victory of the season. Al Cowens' .357 week raised his average to .287. On May 7 he was batting .181.

Rod Carew of the Angels (4-2) also has been on a tear, lifting his average from .262 to .330 in four weeks. A four-hit game by Carew, the 44th of his career, enabled California to beat Toronto 10-8. Carew later extended his hitting streak to 24 games, his longest ever. Teammate Reggie Jackson's homer, the 2,000th hit of his career, came in a 7-2 triumph over Chicago. In that game Angel Moreno came out of the bullpen to replace Ken Forsch, who had pulled a hamstring getting out of the way of a batted ball, and yielded only one run over the final seven innings. In Steve Renko's 7-1 win over the Blue Jays, the last four men in the California batting order—Fred Lynn, Doug DeCinces, Tim Lincecum and Bob Boone—combined for nine hits.

Four saves by Don Quisenberry of the Royals (4-2) gave him a major league-leading 19. Amos Otis and Willie Aikens each hit two-run homers in the ninth for a 4-1 win in Seattle. K.C.'s Omar Conception helped beat the Twins 7-4 by throwing his bat in an outside pitch on a hit-and-run play and connecting for a pop-fly double.

LaMarr Hoyt of Chicago (4-2), who had won his first nine decisions of the season and

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BILL BUONICCONTI: The Cub first baseman and No. 1 pugnut drove in 11 runs, walked a pair of homers, had two stolen bases and batted .484 (15 hits in 31 trips to the plate) to raise his average to .301.

then dropped his next three, became the majors' first 10-game winner when he blanked Oakland 7-0 on three hits. The White Sox also won three slugfests: Greg Luzinski singled in the 10th to beat the A's 7-6; four RBIs by Tony Bernazard and three by Steve Kemp took care of Oakland 11-7; and Kemp's five ribbies, on a grand slam and a sacrifice fly, sent the Angels to a 7-6 loss.

CAL 30-27 KC 37-26 CH 36-28 SEA 34-34
OAK 29-30 TEX 23-36 MIN 16-52



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SQUASH



by Jack McCallum

squash player to prepare for the climactic event of the World Professional Squash Association tour. "You get used to it," says Desautniers. Apparently so. He lost only one game in his five best-of-five World Series matches, including a 15-5, 15-12, 15-6 rout of Gordy Anderson in the finals. His performance was a show of mastery that once was reserved for the legendary Sharif Khan, and it only added an exclamation point to what Desautniers' fellow players have known since the beginning of the year: The 25-year-old, Vancouver-born, Harvard-educated Desautniers, not the

squashed the tough double boast—a shot that hits the two side walls before brushing the front wall and dying—that Anderson had employed in a 12-15, 15-13, 12-15, 15-7, 15-11 semifinal win over Khan. "Michael simply didn't allow me the time to try it," said Anderson.

Though, again like Connors, Desautniers makes many unforced errors for a top player, he augments his repertoire of shots every year, and his conditioning is at least as good as anyone else's on the tour. "He's reached that nirvana where he doesn't have to worry about being in shape," says Victor Niederhoffer, the chief operating officer of NCZ and a former squash champion. "For him, it's simply a matter of making the shot."

But the key to Desautniers' success may be his concentration and intensity. During his match against Anderson, play was stopped to allow Desautniers to wipe up a wet spot on the court with a towel. When he finished, he wiped his face with the same towel and looked puzzled when the gallery laughed. "I didn't even know I'd done it," he said later.

Though Desautniers was long recognized as a star on the rise—in his four years at Harvard he never lost an intercollegiate match—King Khan was not to be dethroned easily. In the 1980-81 season, for example, Desautniers beat Khan five of the seven times they played, but it was Khan who won the North American Open, the tour's most prestigious event, and it was Khan who finished the season atop the rankings, with Desautniers second and Caldwell third.

Desautniers started slowly in 1981-82, losing to Khan in two tournament finals in November. During that month he also faltered in the second round of the MAAA Invitational in Montreal and in the semifinals of the New York Boodles Cup Open, the only occasions on which he failed to make the finals this season. However, from early December until mid-April, Desautniers embarked on a tour that can best be described as Khan-like. He won seven of eight tournaments and finished second to Caldwell in the

The man with the Midas touch

Gold broker Michael Desautniers is also a 24-karat winner on the pro tour

Just a few hours before his first match in the \$25,000 World Series of Squash, a tournament he won last month at the Yale Club in New York City, Michael Desautniers stood on the floor of the commodities exchange in the World Trade Center 3½ miles away and proclaimed, "I love this place. It's got such a jock atmosphere."

That's his opinion. Another view holds that the COMEX has the ambience of a nuthouse. Whichever, Desautniers certainly had been a winner that day. As a floor broker trading in the gold "put," his deals had earned about \$350,000 for his employer, Niederhoffer, Cross & Zeckhauser, Inc., which speculates in commodities. "Sometimes it goes like that," said Desautniers. "I could love that much the next day."

Win or lose, the chaotic commodities exchange didn't seem to be the ideal place for the world's No. 1 hardball

fierce, 38-year-old Pakistani Khan, is the game's No. 1 player.

Hardball squash is primarily a North American game. The ball is harder than that used in softball, the more popular game worldwide, and is therefore much faster and ideally suited to Desautniers, who is jackrabbit quick, aggressive and attack-oriented. "He's the Jimmy Connors of squash," says Clive Caldwell, a Toronto pro who this year edged out Khan for second place behind Desautniers in the WPSA rankings. "He just keeps coming and coming."

Like Connors, Desautniers uses his quickness to take the ball early. "It's the same as playing an entire basketball game against a full-court press," says Frank Satterthwaite, a touring pro from New York City. "You can't get your best shot against him." That was evident in the World Series final when Desautniers, who earned \$5,000 for his victory,

continued

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other. For good measure, he and partner Maurice Heckscher won two doubles titles. Khan lost to Desaulniers the three times they played during the streak. One of those meetings came in the final of the North American Open, which Khan had won 12 of the last 13 years.

The best measure of Desaulniers' dominance is provided by the WPSA points standings. Khan finished the 1979-80 season on top, with an average tournament score of 144.17, while Desaulniers was second with 130. In 1980-81 it was 164.7-161 in favor of Khan. But this season Desaulniers averaged a remarkable 183.8 points, well ahead of Caldwell (141.1) and Khan (138.6). "Statistically, it was like a baseball team winning its division by 30 games," says Rob Dinerman, the tour's 18th-ranked player, who calculates the WPSA rankings.

Desaulniers accomplished this feat despite having one arm in squash, the other in gold. The job with Niederhoffer's firm was waiting for him in the spring of 1981, when he graduated from Harvard with a degree in psychology and economics. Niederhoffer is also a Harvard alumnus, but more than the old-boy network got Desaulniers his job. Niederhoffer—the only player to wrest the North American Open title from Khan in the '70s, which he accomplished in 1975—thinks there are similarities between playing squash and dealing on the commodities market: the pressure, the necessity for making quick decisions, the elbowing for position. "Trading commodities is very, very physical," says Desaulniers.

On weekday mornings Desaulniers leaves his Brooklyn apartment, where he lives with his girl friend, Louise Laberge, and takes the subway to 4 World Trade Center. For the next six hours he wins or loses a few hundred thousand for NCZ. After the gold pit closes at 2:30, Desaulniers takes the subway uptown to the NCZ offices for his daily conference with Niederhoffer.

At about 3:30 Desaulniers can at last think about his "second job," which this year will earn him some \$70,000, divided almost equally between prize money and endorsements. (Desaulniers and Khan are the only squash pros handled by Mark McCormack's high-powered International Management Group. With more

prize money being added to the tour next year, Desaulniers hopes to become the first \$100,000 hardball squash player.) From the NCZ offices he can walk to the Lincoln Squash Club for a few hours of practice, which could be more accurately described as bloodletting, considering the intensity of his workouts with Mario Sanchez, Stu Goldstein and other top pros who play out of New York City.

What does it say for squash that a part-time practitioner can be its champion? Says Tom Jones, the publisher of Squash News, "Though Mike has another job, he's the most professional player I know. He might spend fewer hours on the court than some of his colleagues, but those hours are more productive."

Niederhoffer, who became a millionaire in business while playing squash at the highest level, adds, "I think it gives you a little bit of character to have something else going besides squash, and that character will help you as a player."

Fittingly for a commodities trader, Desaulniers is bullish about the prospect that he can pull off a Niederhofferian double. But even he admits this could get tougher if the tour continues to grow and become more competitive; tournament prize money, for example, has increased 500% in the last two years. "Perhaps soon I'll have a tough career decision," says Desaulniers. "Right now I think I can do both. I don't think of myself as a commodities trader who also plays squash, or the other way around. I think of myself as both a squash player and a commodities trader."

The idea of Khan trading anything but forehead drives to the front wall is almost unthinkable. Week after week, year after

year, Khan has made his living through squash—prize money and fees for exhibitions, endorsements and teaching—while playing every event on the tour. Desaulniers, on the other hand, enters only those tournaments that interest him—translation: the ones with the most prize money—and those that don't make him miss too many days of work. He missed 15 working days last year, which doesn't exactly qualify him as a goldbrick. His picking and choosing is also a psychological play. "I think it instills fear in these guys if they don't know when I'm coming," he says. "Then all of a sudden they see me staring down majestically from the top of the draw." Desaulniers smiled but he wasn't kidding.

Some observers think Khan could still test Desaulniers for No. 1, and would certainly be a clear No. 2, if he'd play fewer tournaments and use the extra time he'd thereby gain to train. Khan's notion of fitness is one of the standing jokes of the tour. "Well, my wife, Jackie, has this little exercise bike in the basement and I did about three miles a day," says Khan of a recent attempt to get in shape. "For me, that's a milestone."

"It seems to me that Sharif is just taking it easy, not really serious about the game," says his father, Hashim, 67, who is considered the finest all-around squash player in history. "He needs to play two to three hours every day, and he needs to be in better shape. It looks to me that he gets tired at the end of his matches. I think Sharif can beat him [Desaulniers] again if he gets serious."

He'll have to, because Desaulniers is very serious about playing his daily double for a long time. **END**



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by Dan Levin

It was Yale, in a breather

Reminded to breathe, the Elis won the new college championship



Having helped beat Cornell, Yale's three-oar, Jens Molbak, is heaved into Harsha.

This is the curious tale of how two former oarsmen from Cincinnati, a Brown grad and a Harvard grad, helped archival Yale win a very big crew race last week. Elements of the story include six engineers and such altogether non-Ivy League figures as Ulysses Grant's maternal grandparents, a subordinate of the Marquis de Lafayette and a four-foot-long snake. The climax came on Saturday afternoon at East Fork State Park near Cincinnati, where four eight-oared racing shells met in the first National Collegiate Rowing championships on Harsha Lake—Yale, Cornell, California and Syracuse. A loudspeaker crackled and the starter called out, "Êtes vous prêts? Partez!" Then 32 oar blades made the water boil.

The Yale boat was off-balance at the start, and coxswain John Sheffield instinctively raised his elbows to steady it. Two lanes over, Cal coxswain Mark Zembach was nose-for-nose with him. It was supposed to be that way—Yale and Cal were the favorites—and so it went for 10 strokes. Then Yale edged ahead, and Sheffield found he had a new problem staring him in the face. Literally. In the fever of the moment, his oarsmen



were forgetting to breathe. That happens in crew races; rowers have blacked out. So Sheffield shouted, "Breathe!" And then, after 30 strokes, "We have two seats on the pack!"

Hold on, though. What was a 2,160-acre lake doing in all that firmjund? And how did the nationals come to be there? To take the last question first, the credit goes to a 42-year-old Cincinnati lawyer named Bill Engeman, who stroked the Brown crew in three of its formative years, 1959, '60 and '61. In 1965, after graduating from the University of Virginia law school he moved to Cincinnati, eventually becoming a partner in the firm of Taft, Stettinius, and Hollister. In 1980

he and a group of friends raised some money and sold the state of Ohio on building a water-sports center at East Fork, 28 miles from downtown. Last November, they obtained sanction for the championship regatta from the United States Rowing Association.

There had never been a universally accepted national crew championship. The IRAs in June at Syracuse had claimed that distinction, but too many rowing powers regularly ignored it. The big East and West Coast crews held their own separate sprint championships each year. And the 9-year-old San Diego Crew Classic, which does bring major crews together, is held in early April, which means that crews from cold climates have had no chance by that time to reach their potential. Occasionally, in recent years, a national champion of sorts was selected in England, of all places, when two or three strong U.S. crews went to the Henley Royal Regatta in July.

But Engeman's new nationals were the straight stuff. The winners of four important competitions—other crews could pay their own way. The publicity handout read, "This is akin to inviting the winners of the Rose Bowl, Orange Bowl, Sugar Bowl and Cotton Bowl to play off for the National College Football Championship."

Cal had won the Pac-10 Championships, Yale had taken both the Eastern Sprouts and the Harvard/Yale four-mile classic, and Cornell was the victor in the IRAs. Syracuse had a losing season but was improving toward the end, and, as Coach Bill Sanford said, "We want to find out some things." In addition to the glory to be gained in Cincinnati, there was the very substantial lure of the winner's prize—round-trip air fare to next week's Henley.

As for the origins of Harsha Lake, as recently as 10 years ago it didn't even ex-

continued



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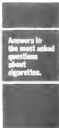
1. The Surgeon General. Clearly and simply put, he has not concluded from his scientific literature reviews that cigarette smoke causes disease in nonsmokers.
2. The American Cancer Society. A report covering 17 years and some 200,000 people indicated that "second-hand" smoke has insignificant effect on lung-cancer rates in nonsmokers. Fact from a report published by the Statistical Director of the Society in June, 1981.

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rst. It was made by damming Elklick Creek and the east fork of the Little Miami River, much to the dismay of conservationists. Last week, the dead trees rising out of the water in the coves made for very strange rowing scenery, more suited to a national collegiate bass fishing championship perhaps. History buffs opposed the project, too. Numerous homes dating from the War of 1812 lining Elklick Valley were inundated. But the Army Corps of Engineers did throw the historians a few bones, so to speak. General Richard Collins, who fought with Lafayette at Yorktown, had been buried in a family plot in Elklick. His remains were disinterred and moved a quarter mile inland to the Old Bethel Methodist Cemetery, where Grant's grandparents, the Simpsons, are buried.

But at East Fork the oarsmen cared nothing for American history, and little for the regatta's origins, either. Their days were filled with practice. Between the two favorites there was a running debate as to which crew would be handicapped the more by its recent past. Cal hadn't raced since the Pac-10s in mid-May, and its training schedule in the week approaching the nationals had been interrupted by final exams. Bowman Paul Carson took his final in quantum physics on Thursday in Cincinnati, with Cal Coach Mike Livingston as proctor. "I'm holding it," Livingston said, "until I see how he does in the race." Yale, for its part, had peaked for its win at the Eastern Sprints in mid-May and then spent three weeks training for the four-mile race against Harvard the previous Saturday. Would training for a four-mile race hurt its performance over 2,000 meters?

Neither coach was making any rash predictions. Said Livingston, "We feel our crew is fast enough, but maybe it won't be fast enough here. We have no idea what the course will be like, and having to train through exams and race well the following weekend, that is a new experience for us."

Yale's Tony Johnson admitted, "One of the problems we face is having had two good races, and having accomplished everything we wanted to. Now, rather than just trying to repeat what we've already done, we have to get into something solid and distinctive for this race, or it won't work for us. I think the guys understand that."

Said Yale five-oar Brian (Bucko) Mey-

ers: "Everyone's been training, we all brought our own boats, and one crew's going to be the fastest. Then there'll be no excuses and nothing to say except to congratulate the other guy."

At times the talk turned to less weighty matters. In a workout on the eve of the race, Cal men found themselves the object of unwanted attention from a large water snake. It swam toward the boat, head raised. "Suppose Yale put it there?" someone asked.

"Doesn't Eli mean snake?" said someone else.

At the 500-meter mark on Saturday it appeared to mean winner, for Sheffield was almost uncannily inspiring his oarsmen. "The big psych" he calls it. "We've got three seats on Cal," he told his men, and the boat gained. Then, "We've got five," and it gained some more.

Then Cal just wasn't there anymore. At 1,500 meters, into a considerable side-chop, the Yalies got this message from their commander: "It's you and Cornell." The Big Red, 14 pounds lighter per man than Yale, but with six engineering students—masters of leverage and angles—in the boat, held on to finish second, a length behind Yale. Cal faded badly, and Syracuse took third.

Said Sanford, "The water was awfully bad in that last 500 meters, but in flat water Yale might have won by even more."

Chuck Papeš, Yale six-oar and captain, who keeps records of such things, figured that his crew had rowed between 1,200 and 1,400 miles since the time the ice went out in Connecticut last March, almost certainly more mileage than any other college crew in the country. Getting ready for Harvard hadn't hurt Yale after all.

As the victorious crew floated beyond the finish line, Bill Engeman's launch came near. A Yale oarsman called to him, "Thank you, Mr. Engeman." Engeman gestured to a man beside him in the launch, a banker named William S. Rowe, chairman of the board of Cincinnati's Fifth Third Bank, the major contributor to the nationals. Rowe had been on the Harvard crew from 1936 to 1939 and stroked the varsity boat his senior year, and Harvard had beaten Yale over four miles in each of those years. Engeman told the Yale, "You're here, in large part, because a Harvard man said you should be," which, considering all that had happened that afternoon, didn't upset the Yalies too much.

END

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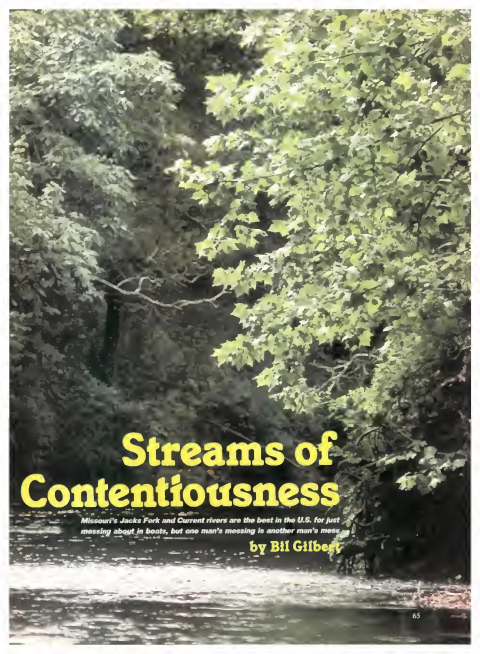
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starter.





Streams of Contentiousness

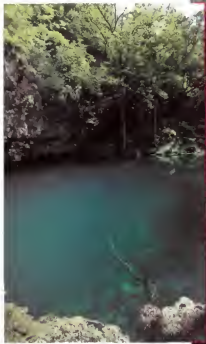
Missouri's Jacks Fork and Current rivers are the best in the U.S. for just messing about in boats, but one man's messing is another man's mess

by Bill Gilbert

Missouri Rivers

by Kristin Lund

A very strong beginning is one reason for the enduring popularity of *The Wind in the Willows*. Mole, who is suffering from ennui, wanders off one morning from his diggings and comes to a running river. There he meets Water Rat, who invites him to go for a paddle in a punt. Mole is enchanted and admits that he has never before been on a river or in a boat. Shocked at such cultural poverty, Water Rat remarks, "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—"



Blue Spring (above) may be the brightest jewel in the pocket-size Ozark National Scenic Riverways, but these limestone cliffs are also gems.





The Park Service, says the author, has an image of who its customers should be: serious families of four who comport themselves as if at a church picnic.

absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Simply messing . . .”

Even if a rat did say it first, I have always thought this was a profundity of, so to speak, the first water, and have acted accordingly whenever and wherever possible. One consequence is that, along with a good many thousands of other citizens, I have gone frequently to the Ozark National Scenic Riverways, a ribbonlike national park in southern Missouri, and have come to think very well of the place. The Park Service being the serious-minded outfit that it is, the Water Rat principle has never been openly acknowledged there, but this is probably the best public property we have for messing about in a boat on a river.

The Current River (from La Rivière Courante, or Running River, so named by French fur traders, who were the first whites to see it) and its principal tributary, the Jacks Fork, are the *raison d'être* for the Ozark National Scenic Riverways, hereafter the ONSR. They rise 25 miles apart in the central Ozarks, south of Fort Leonard Wood, and flow separately through narrow valleys for 35 miles or so, meeting a few miles from the village of Eminence. Thereafter the Current, absorbing the waters of the Jacks Fork, continues into Arkansas and joins the Black, which empties into the White, a tributary of the Mississippi. The ONSR, which was established in 1964 as

the first park of this sort, extends from points upstream on the Current and the Jacks Fork, where there is just enough water to float a canoe, to a southern boundary on the main stem of the Current about 30 miles below Van Buren, a community of some 850, where the park headquarters is located. There are 81,216 acres in the Riverways, which is seldom more than half a mile wide, stretched out for 140 miles along the banks of the two rivers. A few small enclaves of private land remain, and the rivers are occasion-

ally crossed by public roads, but, in general, the waters and adjacent lands are undeveloped and free to be used by whoever chooses to do so.

The Ozarks are of great geological age and have been so worn down that the hills along the valleys are less than 1,000 feet high. However, they press in tightly on the rivers, which in many places have had to cut their way through and around the limestone ridges, creating sheer cliffs and gorges that give the illusion of being much deeper than they are. There is an

continued



These visitors may not fit the Park Service usage, but they know how to handle a hot summer day.



After winning a 1976 Inwasi, Williams (left) sold his canoes to Ernie Middleton (right) and retired.

Missouri Rivers

continued

Ozark saying that describes this situation: "The knobs here ain't high but the hollows are awful deep."

Because they rise from no great elevation, the drop in the rivers is a modest seven or eight feet to the mile. Generally, the Jacks Fork and the upper Current move along at a steady mile or so an hour over gravel beds, which make for almost continuous riffles. There are no big rapids, explosive haystacks or tortuous chutes of the sort that make classic white-

water rivers like the Youghiogheny or Cheat. According to the scale on which canoeists rate rivers—O is essentially flat water and VI is suicidal to impassable—most of the ONSR is classified as I with a few II stretches. This means the ONSR is safe and enjoyable for almost anyone who can tell one end of a puddle from the other. Since the park was opened it has provided for some 20 million hours of canoe use, during which there have been only four canoe-related fatalities.

They may not be risky or rampaging, but the two rivers aren't dull. For one, they are step-like, moving with fair speed down long gravelly inclines that end in pools 50 feet deep or deeper, called holes. This arrangement is repeated for many continuous miles. The drops provide a degree of excitement, and the holes, many of which are at the base of cliffs, are good places just to sit and look about. The Jacks Fork and the Current, at least in their upper parts, are also very narrow with enough twists, turns and sharp corners to give a sense of what it is like to play and be played with by currents.

Some years ago, with the two like-minded friends, I went to the Grjalva, a big, wild river that runs across the Mexican state of Chiapas, just north of the Guatemalan border. Our ambition was to be the very first to take canoes down El Sumidero, a Grand Canyon-scale gorge that the Grjalva has cut through the Sierra Madre. So far as pioneering went, we were disappointed. A day or two into the canyon we began finding empty film boxes—discarded, as we later found out, by a party from Utah which had preceded us.

People snickered when Maggard first rented canoes; now the only laughter is his granddaughter's.

We were at the bottom of the gorge for about two weeks, locked between the narrow cliff walls that rose several thousand feet. We ran some of the rapids, but drove eyebolts into the walls and roped around more of them. It was horse work. We were exhausted most of the time, worried about the problems the river presented and worried whether we could cope with them. When we finally got out, we were full of ourselves, proud that we had made the effort. However, we didn't have a sense of knowing or caring much about El Sumidero except as an opponent. It was an adversary experience all the way.

In contrast, the Jacks Fork and Current promote intimate acquaintance. They make so few demands, create so little distraction that there is a soothing sensation of losing oneself in them, of flowing with rather than contending against. To float them is somewhat like meeting a stranger with whom one hits it off immediately and effortlessly.

"Nothing seems really to matter, that's the charm of it," Water Rat said of his river, which must have been quite like these Ozark streams. "Whether you get away or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere as all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you've done it there's always something else to do. . . ."

The Jacks Fork and the Current are fed by hundreds of springs that seep, drip and gush out of the banks into the water or well up underneath it. The largest of them—in fact, according to hydrologists, one of the 10 largest springs in the world—is located a few miles south of Van Buren and is called, not very imaginatively, Big Spring. It flows out of the rubble of a collapsed cavern a few hundred yards inland from the Current, and when it is running strong, discharges 840 million gallons of water a day. By way of comparison, the city of St. Louis uses, on the average, 750 million gallons a day.

There are other springs of note, too. Sometimes our parks are called national jewels, and there may be no one park property that can be better described in this way than Blue Spring in the ONSR. It compares favorably with any geyser,

continued



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Missouri Rivers

continued

canyon or ancient tree we have. It is a very large spring, flowing at a rate of 90 million gallons a day, but it is its quality, not quantity, that makes it such a jewel. It rises at the base of a sheer, overhanging dolomite cliff and discharges into a pool that is perhaps 100 feet in diameter and, as measured by divers, at least 256 feet deep. Because of this depth and mineralization, the water is spectacularly blue, somewhat the color of the glass once used in Bromo-Seltzer bottles. Despite the color, the water is remarkably transparent; small white pebbles a hundred feet below the surface are clearly visible.

The surface of the spring rolls gently, like a pot just beginning to boil, and the pool is decorated with a garland of water-cress. At the outlet of the hole, Blue Spring becomes the equivalent of a respectable trout stream, which flows in a froth for a quarter of a mile before emptying into the Current. A trail from river to spring follows this outlet. The last time I was there, on an unseasonably warm April day, I followed a teen-age couple along the trail to Blue Spring. They were burdened with six-packs of soda, a transistor radio and assorted combs and brushes. Also, they were so entangled with each other that I thought at first they probably didn't care much about what was at the end of the trail. This turned out to be an unworthy suspicion.

After we became acquainted, the boy and girl said they were juniors at a high school 50 miles away and had cut class for the good reason that it was too nice a



Eiswiler hopes for "quality" not quantity.

day to be inside. We arrived at the pool and, without paying much attention to each other, stood staring into it. The effect is like being on top of a deep blue sky, say over Montana, looking through it at the world. After a bit, more or less simultaneously, we each said, "What a beautiful place," or words to that effect. Then the girl gave her friend an affectionate nudge and said, "He's never been here before. I told him I'd show him something real neat."

The springs have great impact on the ecology and recreational activities of the park. Because of them, the Jacks Fork and the Current are canoeing rivers for all seasons, whereas most streams of

comparable size usually shrivel up and become unfloatable in the hot summer months or in drought years. The Ozark springs are affected by rainfall, but their fluctuations are slow because they drain subterranean reservoirs that are impervious to evaporation. Some of the subterranean drainage systems are very extensive. Hydrologists using dyes have found that water entering the ground near the town of Mountain View resurfaces in Big Spring 45 miles to the west.

Because so much of it is filtered through rock, the purity and clarity of the water is as fine as any we now have in open moving streams. It is good to look at, or through, and it supports an abundance of aquatic creatures, whose activities are remarkably visible. Brown trout reproduce in the upper sections, and along with smallmouth and largemouth bass, goggle-eyes and suckers are the principal fish for hooking or giggering. Jack salmon (elsewhere called walleyes) aren't so plentiful. There are also thousands of turtles—painters, sliders, soft-shelleds and snappers—lining the banks, basking on rocks and logs. Sometimes it is possible to drift along accompanied by herds of turtles. During the course of a day's float, one is seldom out of sight of green herons and belted kingfishers and recent signs of beaver, mink and raccoon, all of which indicate wholesome waters.

Originally, the adjacent banks and valleys were covered with pine, but these forests were nearly all cut and floated downstream in a logging boom that oc-

continued

In a sense, the park is self-cleaning because most camps—like this on the Jacks Fork—are made on gravel bars that are periodically washed down.



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Missouri Rivers

continued

curled at the onset of this century. Now oak, hickory and sycamore are the dominant trees, and the jungle woodlands associated with them extend more or less continuously along the rivers. The woods have been well surveyed by natural historians, who have determined that there are some 1,500 species of plants and 300 species of birds. A good many inanimate attractions have also been found and catalogued. For the same reason that there are lots of springs—an abundance of soft, soluble rock—it is estimated that there are from 100 to 300 caves. The ONSR is also thought to be first among midwest parks in numbers of archaeological sites, there being few campgrounds along the river or shelter caves in the bluffs that weren't used by Indians.



out, but the gnats and mosquitoes are not. The weather is suitable for sunning and swimming by day and for driftwood fires and down sleeping bugs by night. Having driven from Arizona with this in mind, I met some friends from the University of Missouri at the place where Shawnee Creek empties into the Jacks Fork, and from there we began drifting.

In the ensuing few days we often did what used to be called nature study, but this reasonably accurate old-fashioned term now has unfortunate connotations, suggesting a vaguely elitist activity suitable only for a precious few with exquisite sensibilities, excessive education and expensive binoculars. This is absolute nonsense. The facilities on the Jacks Fork may be superior, but people everywhere are studying nature when they're out hiking, hunting, riding horses, swimming, sky diving, taking afternoon drives or walks in the country, watching ants at picnics or birds on a feeder, raking leaves or weeding gardens, looking at the sea, stars, dew or sunset. Nature study is an element in virtually everything that we have come to call, awkwardly and exasperatingly, "outdoor recreation."

In all appreciative activities, specta-

Even little beavers are eager about the ONSR, a park that a multitude of turtles call home.

when they are selecting territories and preparing to nest, pairs of them engage in marvelous aerial dances. The open space over rivers seems to be a favorite place for such displays, and we came on half a dozen pairs. Sometimes they flew so close together that it seemed their wing tips must surely be touching. At other times they broke apart like square dancers, separately pirouetting and looping but always giving the impression that they were responding to the movements of their partners. Together or singly they would spiral up a thousand feet or so and then dive straight down almost to the surface of the water. One of these dances might occupy half a cubic mile of space, and whatever the birds may have been feeling, they gave the impression of great



All across the country, concentrations of Indian signs and relics are invariably found in places that are still popular because they are so attractive, interesting or sporty. Long before the plutocrats of the Gilded Age discovered them and began inventing salad dressings there, the Iroquois were taking their summer vacations on the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. It may not be of great archaeological importance, but I find it comforting and thought-provoking that at least in regard to such things as resorts, scenic waterways and nice campsites, man's tastes seem to be independent of time and culture.

There are no bad seasons on the Jacks Fork and the Current, but it is almost impossible to come to them at a better time than in good weather in mid-April. Then some shadblow is still in bloom and the dogwood and redbud are in full flower. The turtles and morel mushrooms are

tors have varying degrees of knowledge about what they are seeing, they react differently, they are interested in different things. At a truck meet, a sophisticated student of the high jump may be engrossed with such matters as approach steps, foot plants, arm lifts and body torque, and at the same time be thinking about past performances, meet records and national rankings. A casual spectator may not know anything about these things but he can still be moved, sometimes more than the sophisticate, by the sight of a man making a 7' 4" jump.

It is the same in fields and streams. Along with everything else, mid-April is a very good time in the ONSR for watching Cooper's hawks. At other times of the year, though they are abundant, not much is seen of these hawks as they pursue other birds swiftly but secretively through the heavy woods. (Blue darter is a common and good name for them.) However, for a few weeks in the spring,

exuberance and elation, of being, in so many senses, very high.

The bowperson with me on this trip was a longtime friend, Tracy Frish Walmer, then a junior at the University of Missouri. Her only known flaw of character is that she was a student of television at that institution. Otherwise, she was quick and curious, observant and knowledgeable about a great number of things. Until that weekend Tracy didn't know Cooper's hawks, at least by name, but when we met them she was enchanted. Being a former falconer and for years an impassioned bird-of-prey fan, I began carrying on about the migratory, mating and predatory habits of these accipiters, but Tracy may have been the closer student of the nature of the thing we were seeing. "My God," she said, "think what it must feel like to do that."

There are many people who lead useful, interesting lives without being able to tell a hawk from a handsaw, but I think

only a few eccentrics wouldn't find it a pleasure to study a pair of Cooper's hawks dancing over a river in the spring.

That the Jacks Fork and the Current are high quality messing-around rivers has been recognized for a long time. Setting aside any concerns about how and why the original Indian inhabitants enjoyed them, it is documented that local white folks have been using these waters recreationally for most of this century. Before nylon, aluminum and freeze-dried beef stroganoff were available, the custom was to load up a wagon or two with canvas tarp, cots, substantial supplies of food and drink, some hand tools and a few stacks of green, rough-cut lumber and drag all of this to a point well up on one of the streams. The first order of business was to unload the planks and slap together several johnboats, which are flat-bottomed, square-ended scovers. These would then be sunk in the water, and the recreationists would entertain themselves while the wood swelled and caulked itself. After the boats were judged to be tight, they were raised and dried, and then the party would drift and pole downstream for days or weeks, absorbing, as available, bass, turkey, deer, coons, possums, greens, mushrooms, pan biscuits, grits, pork products and, now and then, liquid corn.

In the '20s the gentry from St. Louis, Kansas City and even more remote places began to hear about what a lot of fun it was to float down Ozark rivers in this fashion, and a few of the more enterprising residents got the idea that they could probably make money selling this sort of fun to the gentry. Veteran rivermen in the area still fondly recall how flotillas of commissary and fishing boats were organized and crews of guides, cooks and camp attendants were employed when notables like August Busch and Fibber McGee and Molly came to mess around the rivers. Less well remembered because they were do-it-themselves floaters—but more influential in terms of what was to become of the waterways—were some out-and-out nature lovers, which was the respectable term for outdoor recreationists 50 years ago. Among them was Aldo Leopold, the 20th-century Thoreau, who came to drift on the rivers and went back to Wisconsin to extol them. One of Leopold's disciples was Leonard Hall, who spent years ex-

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Missouri Rivers

(continued)

ploring the Jacks Fork and the current and eventually wrote a book, *Stars Upstream*, which came to be regarded as a natural-history classic. It was also instrumental in creating interest in establishing the national park.

The commercial floating and guide business declined after World War II, but the johnboat is still the craft preferred by locals. Poles and green wood have long since been replaced by outboard motors and aluminum, and in the last five years or so, jet johnboats have appeared. They are driven by propless 50-200-hp motors that sound like the Concorde; they drift, so to speak, at 40 mph, drawing only three or four inches of water, and can therefore run almost any place on the lower parts of the two rivers.

Canoes were seldom seen thereabouts during the first half of the century. "They just looked so peculiar and people were scared to death of them," says Hawk Daniel, a veteran waterman, retired construction worker and now a county official who lives in Van Buren, the only community located directly on the Current near the national park. "The general opinion around here was that if a man stepped into a canoe he had suicide in mind," explains Daniel, "but I'd traveled around on construction jobs and I'd seen them. When I settled down here I got to thinking that if people had been using them so long there must be some good to them. I heard about a fellow over in the bootheel [as the extreme southeastern corner of Missouri is called] who had one for sale. I went over and it looked good to me, and I bought it and I've been using it with pleasure ever since. I got that canoe in 1954 and so far as I know it was the first one on the river around here."

At about the same time, Gaylord (Buck) Maggard, who lived 50 miles upstream from Van Buren, began to think about canoes in a more commercial way. Maggard was then farming, operating a general store and running a cable barge at a crossing called Akers Ferry. "My wife's people had been there for about a thousand years," says Maggard of the establishment, "but they'd begun to peter out. We'd moved out to Colorado after the war, and they kept asking us to come back. Well, finally we did come back and took over at the ferry. In 1955 I bought me six of those aluminum canoes. They just sat there for a good while, and people sort of snickered at me, but then some of

the strangers found out I had them and began renting them and then more and more came around and pretty soon I had 300 or so of those canoes, and things got to be like they are now."

How things are now is that there are some 40 liveries in the vicinity of the Jacks Fork and the Current, which among them have some 3,500 canoes for rent. On a hot summer weekend most of them will be rented and in the water, along with hundreds of private canoes.

Renting canoes and selling gas, groceries, drinks, fish baits and sundries to paddlers is now perhaps the biggest industry except for lumber and agriculture in the two Ozark counties that border the river. So far as actually using them goes, Daniel is probably still in the local minority, but nobody in Shannon or Carter counties snickers about the canoe business anymore. And what the Park Service is going to do about canoes in the future is the most controversial political-economic issue in the area.

In the mid-1970s Park Service people (The Government, as they are locally called) decided that there were too many canoes on their Ozark rivers and that the paddlers were becoming unable or unwilling to behave as the Park Service thought best. Because no planning agency had devised a formula for calculating the acceptable number of canoes, this decision was essentially subjective. As such, it hasn't been and probably cannot be explained with great precision. However, it seems to me that it reflects the fact that collectively the Park Service has some very strong notions about what is True, Beautiful and Respectable.

My subjective opinions are as follows: The Park Service is a mainstream outfit that has a corporate sensibility someplace between that of Mark Trail and Captain Kangaroo. Though formal statements and reports may indicate otherwise, the Service, in its heart of hearts, doesn't have a high regard for recreation of the unstructured, sensual, elative, yelling and hollering sort, and it doesn't enjoy catering to people who do. Rather, the Service sees its mission as interpreting Nature in a noncontroversial way—identifying, pointing out and preserving Beauty and providing the public with wholesome Outdoor Experiences. Individual parks are therefore the equivalent of Lesson Plans, within the framework of the overall course, which might be called

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Missouri Rivers

continued

Natural Uplift. Each is devoted to one or more clearly defined topic phenomena—canyon grandeur, geysers, very big trees, fossils, ancient pueblos, Civil War fortifications, etc.

It is my impression that the Park Service also has a sharp image of who its customers are . . . or should be. Ideally, they are a serious-minded family of four belonging to the white, white-collar, suburban class. They think well of the environment but in a responsible, not radical, way, being more supportive of Scouting and the National Wildlife Federation than the Sierra Club or the National Rifle Association. After putting the dog in a kennel and notifying the police that they're on vacation, they come to a park to see the main attractions, as designated by the Park Service. They proceed to them over designated trails and roads. They avidly collect information, especially facts about how tall, deep, old, rare and peculiar objects of nature can be. They are energetic and informal, but deport themselves as people do at church picnics and adult education classes.

By 1975, paddlers were logging over a million of what the Park Service came to call "floaters hours" on the ONSR, and the figure increased by 10% to 15% for the next four years. (It has recently leveled off.) A good many of these paddlers, unmindful of the Park Service image, had found free-form ways of messing around the rivers, which were wildly different from those of the model users. For example, word got around among high school and college students throughout the Midwest that floating the Jacks Fork and the Current was a very decent and cheap way to enjoy a weekend. You could convoy down in a van and a couple of bugs, rent 15 canoes, load them up with cold cuts, tacos, chips, M&Ms and as many cases as you could afford, and without doing much work float along listening to Casey Kasem, dinging on rocks, having water fights and capsizing accidentally or on purpose. You could yell and yodel, skinny-dip and go wherever you wanted. It was also discovered that you can get really weird softball or Frisbee football games going in shallow rivers; that you can body-float trailing along behind an empty careening canoe; that a good way to study turtles is to slap a paddle on a log full of them and watch them scatter; that you can tie three or four stern lines together, carry them up a cliff, tie them

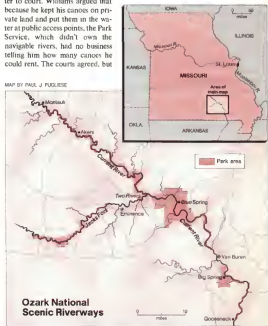
onto a tree and swing out over the water, giving Tarzan yells before dropping into a deep pool; that every now and then somebody breaks a leg playing Tarzan but the turn-on is worth the risk; that you can find caves that make cool places on hot days to mellow out in; that redbud and dogwood flowers look good in the braids of either sex.

These are exactly the kinds of attitudes and activities that make the Park Service very nervous. They aren't wicked, but they're irreverent, like giggling during a sermon, and contrary to established ideas of how people should appreciate parks, be uplifted and informed by them.

To set things to right, ONSR administrators first attempted to regulate the number of canoes that livery operators could rent during the busy summer season. The rental agents were enraged by this quota system, and in 1976 one of them, Irby Williams, took the matter to court. Williams argued that because he kept his canoes on private land and put them in the water at public access points, the Park Service, which didn't own the navigable rivers, had no business telling him how many canoes he could rent. The courts agreed, but

since then the Park Service has challenged this decision, using a 1980 U.S. Forest Service case as a basis for their new court appearance. In the 1980 case, the courts ruled that a Federal agency has the authority to regulate commercial operations affecting public use of lands and waters administered by that agency. The Park Service expects a ruling on this latest case after Labor Day. In the meantime, about half the livery operators accept some restrictions and work under Park Service permits. The other half, with 1,700 canoes at their disposal, operate without permits, renting as many canoes as they can.

The idea of rationing canoe use on the two rivers is very much on the mind of Park Service officials. "We are concerned that the quality of the experience will inevitably suffer unless there is some regulation on use," says Art Sullivan, the



superintendent of the ONSR. "We're continuing to investigate management techniques for exercising control."

In 1970 a seven-year study aimed at measuring the use of the rivers and the environmental effects was authorized for the ONSR. This is a standard Park Service response when its agents sense an area may be overused. It is certainly not an unreasonable one; in many parks the presence of too many people—and the facilities they require—has already had a bad effect on what land managers call "the resource."

Squads of natural-history specialists were therefore turned loose in the ONSR. The final report, a 139-page document issued in 1978, strongly suggests that the researchers anticipated that the resource was indeed deteriorating because of overuse, and that they looked hard for evidence supporting that assumption. However, little such evidence was found. According to the researchers, water quality remained excellent; it didn't appear that either the status or habitat of any of the flora or fauna (terrestrial or aquatic) was being adversely affected by park users, springs, caves and archaeological sites weren't degraded or vandalized; no severe problems involving visual pollution, littering, trash and waste disposal or general uglification were identified.

The overall conclusion—that the park was in good environmental shape—was a surprising one for a study of this sort and indirectly confirmed the uniqueness of the area. The Jacks Fork and the Current and the narrow valleys through which they run are in a sense a self-cleaning and self-restoring unit, because high water in the spring and fall sweep away accumulated debris. Along the rivers most of the primitive camping is done on bare gravel bars from which all signs and effects of human use are periodically erased.

The research studies also tended to support a long-standing claim of canoe devotees—that there is perhaps the most environmentally benign form of outdoor recreation. A canoe makes no ruts, tracks or holes, crushes, tramples, digs up nothing, requires no highly developed trails, roads, launching or docking facilities, leaves behind no odor, noise, dung, fumes or grease spots. Also, besides making fair rain shelters, tables and benches, canoes are good, big trash containers. It's almost as easy and natural to throw a can

(continued)

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Missouri Rivers

continued

into one of them as to toss it into the river or bushes.

Along with natural historians, a good many sociological investigators took part in the ONSR study, fanning out to count and interview recreationists. Among other technical devices, they used automatic cameras hidden in bushes. When the propriety of this was questioned, it was explained that the cameras were focused so that the canoes could be identified but the paddlers of them could not.

However, the surveyors did collect some information that documents an interesting phenomenon, which, though not often publicized, exists in many of our national parks. It is that overcrowding is often more a statistical than a real recreational problem. In 1974, the researchers calculated, about 121,000 paddlers had used the rivers. (Today it's estimated that there are 300,000.) Had the canoeists been evenly distributed in time and space, this would mean that on any given day there would have been a paddler every 100 yards along the 140 miles of the waterway. However, this wasn't the case. As a matter of record, 65,000 of the canoeists used only a 30-mile stretch of the Current, where there are many access points and developed campgrounds. In contrast, during the same period only 130 paddlers were recorded on the uppermost section of the Jacks Fork.

Some 66% of the canoe traffic was on the rivers during the three summer months, while April and October, probably the best times to run these or any other of our rivers, each accounted for only 5% of the total use. Finally, half the use of the rivers took place on only two days of the week, those being Saturday and Sunday. This all means that if you like floating along in an aluminum logjam you can do so by going to the upper Current on a July weekend.

Dean Einwalter is the park administrator most involved on a day-to-day basis with questions about how many people use the ONSR. He agrees with the findings of the research study that the

physical environment of the park isn't immediately threatened and also that the situation has not changed appreciably since the report was issued in 1978. Nevertheless, Einwalter remains concerned about overuse and management techniques for dealing with it. "It's more a psychological than physical thing," he says. "The quality of the experience is threatened because at times and places there are too many canoes in the water. Also the jet boats. There are not so many of them, but they're getting too big. They're inappropriate."

The Park Service is now drawing up regulations to restrict the horsepower of motors used on the riverways. The new jets are thought to be too noisy and

sarcastic, but in these matters there is plenty to be said for caution and even a certain amount of stuffiness. National parks aren't disposable items like paper plates or plastic cutlery to be used up and thrown away. They were established and are maintained because they are irreplaceable public possessions. There is incontestable evidence that they can be misused and overused, that the natural wonders and beauties within them can be degraded or destroyed by too many visitors. For example, Yosemite Valley. Just because this hasn't happened on the Jacks Fork and the Current doesn't mean it cannot. Therefore, it's prudent to have people like Sullivan and Einwalter watching over and worrying about them.

On the other hand, rating pleasures according to their quality seems to me to be difficult, in all likelihood unnecessary and a bit officious. The same thing—the increasing number of users that alarms park officials—might also be taken as evidence that the quality of experience is viewed as being pretty good. Offhand, and without the benefit of a hidden camera, I can't recall meeting anybody on these rivers who seemed to be depressed because of what they were not experiencing. Most of them

appeared to be enjoying the hell out of what they were doing.

It's true that there is something subliminally annoying about the stupid things that interest and entertain other people. I think it ridiculous for anyone to listen to Casey Kasem when there are Cooper's hawks to watch. However, we recreationists—good and bad—seldom interfere with each other or even have to meet, which is one of the excellent things about rivers in general and these Ozark streams in particular.

If I had the keys to this place for a day or two, I wouldn't change a thing but its name. I would make it the Ozark National Scenic and Messing Around Riverways. This would more accurately describe how things are there and might even make it a bit easier for the Park Service to fulfill its mission.

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Water Rat and Mole carefully examine the concept of messing about in boats.

potentially dangerous. Jet boaters, of course, think otherwise. "The Government has it in for us," says one of them. "A hippie canoeist from St. Louis can do whatever he or she damn well pleases, but if you're a local out with your family and want to open up a little on a Sunday afternoon, they're all over you. They act like we haven't got brains enough to know what a nice place this is, and we've only been on this river all our lives."

Einwalter says it is difficult to define precisely what constitutes an experience of quality. "I think the park exists so people can appreciate the natural resource in a quiet, contemplative way," he says. "I definitely do not think the mission of the park is to manage a party river or a racecourse for jets, which, without regulations, it's becoming."

It's easy and tempting to be snippy and



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PERSPECTIVE

by RICHARD ROGIN

A RUNNER'S MEMORIES OF EFFORT AND ADVENTURE ARE EVOKED BY HIS SHOES

Though I own nothing comparable to Paavo Nurmi's gilded spiked running shoes, which are enshrined in a glass case in Helsinki's *Suomen Urheilumuseo* (Sports Museum of Finland), I do have a collection of vintage running shoes.

Mine are arrayed under and around my bed, 19 pairs in all, gray and red and gold and white and blue, branded with the Nike swoosh, the New Balance "N" and the three stripes of Adidas. There is even a solitary pair of French-made blue and white Patricks, which gave me nothing but blisters and grief.

I only wear three pairs or so and have never won a race in any of them, but for reasons which passeth understanding, I am unable to discard the rest of the worn-out, sweat-stained shoes that bore me faithfully, if foolishly, on long training runs and races from a mile to my usual run-and-walk marathon.

All the heels are worn down on the outside. The shoes are streaked by the tidal salt stains of ancient runs in foul weather. The leather is sweat-stiffened and shabby. Some are holed through where a left big toe was wont to protrude.

The nostalgia elicited by these raggedy shoes overwhelms me with a spell at once satisfying and melancholy. I am in thrall to a moribund assemblage of Nike Waffle Trainers, LDVs, Elites, and a pair each of Boston, Internationalist and Cortez; New Balance 420s and 730s; and a pair each of Adidas SL-72s, Roms and TRX Trainers.

They conjure up memories of runs on sandy Florida loops and along fields of six-foot-high raspberry canes overlooking a Norwegian fjord, through the morning misty green of Hyde Park, up rocky Vermont hills and around and around the asphalt parking lots of airport hotels. They carried me over hard-packed island beaches off the Georgia coast, through the birch and pine forests of Finland, tilting over the wood chips of Pre's Trail in Eugene, Ore., through the familiar streets and parks of my hometown, New York, and over the fan-

tasy resilience of Tartan and Chevron tracks, red and green and full of day-dreams.

I even wish I had saved my first pair of running shoes. They were circa 1949, nononsense soft black leather—kangaroo skin, said the advertisement, which I must admit gave me a twinge—with long irreplaceable spikes.



Ever since, I have been on a part-time quest for the goal of the perfect shoe: something at once so comfortable and light and durable and magical that it would confer the speed of a Tommie Smith and the endurance of a Ron Clarke on an ordinary runner. Such as yours truly. I have always been partial to the fond illusion that running shoes maketh the man.

My spiked-shoe days, such as they were, are long gone. Now I'm a training-shoe runner (though training for what, I'm not sure), caring more for shock absorption than miracles.

But my high school daughter and son keep me up with the state of the art, racing in colorful contrasting spikes. Sal's pair is a garish display of forest- and mint-green and orange, titled the Nike Vantageur; Frankie's is a pair of yellow Tiger Spartans or a feather-light white and pale-blue creation known as the Nike Zoom Tasman.

Equipped with a toylike red-handled wrench, my children change the size of their spikes, depending on whether the track is cinder or synthetic, like skilled mechanics. These are only shoes, of course, but the kids and I regard them almost as talismans for an arduous and rewarding adventure.

Never underestimate the beauty of ordinary objects in a resonance of remembered effort and landscape. "At the sight of blackbirds," wrote the poet Wallace Stevens, "Flying in a green light/Even the hawks of euphony/Would cry out sharply."

My running shoes evoke the poignant esthetics of a plain old New England cemetery. There is also the sense of fable: A runner ages along with his shoes, which he constantly renews as though he could halt the loss of wind, the slowing cadence of his legs.

Someday I'll break the spell and put the whole collection out with the garbage. Even then, I know, the shoes won't be consumed in some great final incinerator fire but will eternally appear and reappear in my neighborhood on the tired, shuffling feet of drifters and derelicts, who sample each house's garbage as though it were the best bargain counter in town. I'll stand on high, at the top of my stoop, stretching for a run but really blessing my running shoes as they start another journey.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

COCAINE

Sir:

Your special report "I'm Not Worth a Damn" (June 14) by Don Reese with John Underwood was the best article I've ever read in SI. I fear that Reese's story about the use of cocaine in the NFL is all too true. Drug abuse is usually accompanied by denial, and the denials come not only from the abuser but also from the people who perpetuate the situation. I, for one, think Reese is worth a damn for having the guts to stand up and tell it like it is. To quote the last line of the story, "The sad part is that it wasn't said a lot sooner." Well, now it's said, so let's do something positive about it!

SELT BACON
Novato, Calif.

Sir:

You have gained tremendous respect by printing the story by Don Reese. What courage! What guts! What a service to those who think cocaine is a harmless, recreational drug! I applaud SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which dares to go beyond any other sports magazine, news magazine or human interest magazine.

ELIZABETH A. WHITE
North Branford, Conn.

Sir:

Your June 14 cover story was timely, concise, educational and, I hope, useful. It was also one of the most daring, necessary and appropriate sports journalism presentations of modern times. Hearty congratulations!

HENRY M. FLYNN
Walrus, Calif.

Sir:

A blockbuster! Don Reese's article and the increasing stories about cheating in college athletic recruitment and the ensuing exploitation of the athletes lead me to only one conclusion. As a society, we have equaled the decadence of the Roman Empire. The NFL has become an employment agency for gladiators and a promoter of spectacles. We fans are the pampered, affluent throng thirsting for blood, not caring what devices have been used to prepare the gladiator for combat. Feed him well. Toss him whatever will make him content. The spectacle's the thing!

ROBERT M. KUNKEL
Essex, Mass.

Sir:

As an avid NFL fan for more than 20 years and a pastoral counselor who has spent thousands of hours with people as they faced the difficulties of their lives, I was powerfully touched by Don Reese's confessions. There is a strong theme of repentance in his recent resolve to change his ways, take responsibility

for his life and go for help. Because of its compelling honesty and potential relevance for those who idolize pro stars and are tempted to get involved with drugs, I believe that this is one of the most significant articles you have ever published. I am praying that this revelation will be redemptive both for Don and for his former profession.

THE REV. ROBERT H. GRIZZARD, Ph.D.
Bloomington, Ill.

Sir:

Since the publication of your special report, Don Reese has proved to be a prophet. The NFL and the NFL Players Association have tried to discredit him, downplay his accusations and ignore the truth. It's hard to understand why Reese's revelations provoke such an attitude on the part of those who have the most to lose. The drug abuse problem, no matter how small, will destroy the game if it isn't brought under control.

LEE WELDON
El Paso

Sir:

As parents, my husband and I were urged to learn—and we did learn—how to recognize the telltale signs of drugs in children. It is a sad commentary that after we parents have done our job, the team officials on the NFL can't do theirs. It is inconceivable that we, as coaches, can detect drug afflictions and they can't! They may know how to call the signals in a game, but their rules for life are shameful.

Don Reese's story has greater impact than any other article SI has ever published. Maybe, just maybe, it will compel someone or some group to fight this insidious crime on and off the gridiron.

Already, the NFL is proclaiming exaggeration, as Reese predicted. He may face further incarceration because of the article and the admissions made therein. I want him to know that I will help him in whatever way I can. We have a son who at one time wanted to be a professional quarterback. Thank God someone along the way dissuaded him. Please forward my name and address to Reese so he knows there are people in this world who feel he made the greatest play of his career.

AGNES HART
Kingston, N.Y.

Sir:

I think that Don Reese's idea of having players take urine tests is what the NFL needs. It would make the players think twice about taking cocaine and other drugs.

I also wish Reese all the luck in the world in getting his life back on order.

DAVEY WINTERS
Logansport, Ind.

Sir:

Drug abuse is a widespread problem not only in the NFL, but also in college and high school football. It's hard to believe that high school athletes use drugs like the pros, but some do. Before games and during halftime, cocaine and speed are used. Marijuana usually isn't used before games, but it's used nonetheless. I know; I've seen it.

Something must be done soon to restore professional sport's reputation, because pro athletes are looked upon as examples. What they do, younger athletes do also.

Please withhold my name for obvious reasons. Thank you.

NAME WITHHELD
Birmingham, Mich.

Sir:

I thought your June 14 cover story was a disgrace. Cocaine is a so-called rich man's drug, and it's a big problem in all walks of life for those people like Don Reese who are weak enough and stupid enough to let it ruin their lives. Who is Reese kidding when he says that the NFL turned its back on him? Name another place of employment that will offer a \$40,000 signing bonus and a \$70,000-a-year contract to a narcotics felon one week after he has been released from jail.

Your cover makes it look as though the NFL coaches, owners and league office don't care about the drug problem. However, Pete Rozelle didn't ban Reese from the league. New Orleans Coach Dick Nolan asked Reese on "a couple of" occasions if he had a drug problem and Reese told him no. Saints owner John Moros gave him a second chance.

I feel sorry for the athletes who have the heart and talent to make it but whose chances are cut short by injury. I don't feel sorry for people like Reese who snort their chance away and then try to take everyone down with them.

Finally, I don't appreciate your isolating cocaine as an NFL problem when, in fact, it's society's problem. Loose covers like this one to the supermarket scandal sheets.

PATRICK C. WALSH
White Plains, N.Y.

Sir:

It is embarrassing that your publication made such a big play of the Don Reese "special report" on cocaine use in the NFL, especially the long quote on the cover. Millions of Americans use cocaine as a recreational drug and suffer no lasting ill effects from occasional use. While there are undoubtedly many victims of drug abuse in our society, it is ridiculous to evade personal responsibility the way Reese did and blame the drug. It was Reese's

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

own problems that led him to abuse cocaine and run a promising athletic career. That he allowed what is for many a harmless diversion to control his life is an indictment of his personality. For SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to ignore this fact is a severe error in judgment.

NEWMAN BRUCE PICKERING
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

After reading the article concerning Don Reese's cocaine habit, I came to the conclusion that the NFL is a reflection of society. At college parties cocaine is readily available in small quantities. Prices start at \$100 for a gram. At some Washington, D.C. parties, I have seen an eighth of an ounce to an ounce consumed in one night without any problem. In fact, it is hard to find a party where no cocaine is present. Why should athletes be any different?

EDWIN LORD
Springfield, Va.

Sir:

So what if pro football players use cocaine? It's their bodies and they have a right to put anything into them they want.

WALT KARWICKI II
York, Pa.

Sir:

Cocaine may have ruined Don Reese's NFL career, but it is unthinkable that drugs will ruin the NFL. Even if Reese's plight were an understatement, rather than an exaggeration, the NFL is not and should not be in the business of baby-sitting overprivileged men.

Like a crude form of natural selection, the function of the NFL is to provide a proving ground where mentally and physically tough men like Fred Dean rule, and where the weaker of the species tend to become extinct.

JIM SCHNEIDER
Tucson

Sir:

It was of great interest to me that John Candelaria (*The Mad Hatter of Pittsburgh*, June 14) preferred LSD in high school. Don Reese's "how to" on freebasing cocaine was also noteworthy. Is there any other vital sports information you can provide that I might pass on to my children? What garbage?

MICHAEL J. BENSON
Fort Lee, N.J.

Sir:

My son and the youth hockey team I coach will find this article mandatory reading this fall.

PAUL B. AHERN
Melrose, Mass.

Sir:

I respect and admire Don Reese to the utmost degree not only for lacking his cocaine habit but also for being strong enough to reveal his story to the public. My hat's off to SI for printing the article, and to Reese for having the guts to show the world the other side of the NFL.

Last year I overdosed on drugs (I'm 15

years old now). To this day I still have a drug problem. The article made me think twice about my own life, and I now realize I'm heading the wrong way. Please show this letter to Reese, and, if he has the time, I'd like him to write me a letter encouraging me to quit my own habits.

NAME WITHHELD
Norman, Okla.

Sir:

Don Reese should be highly praised for writing an article about drugs in the NFL, a problem most people don't wish to hear about. However, I think that it was wrong of Reese to incriminate other players who are currently playing in the NFL, particularly Chuck Muncie.

MICHAEL S. DIAMOND
Manchester, Conn.

Sir:

I would like to thank Don Reese for showing me what happens to pro football players when they get money and success and then get in with the wrong crowd. My dreams include playing pro football, and now I know what I may have to deal with in the future.

MIKE YOUNG
Bedford, Va.

Sir:

This story made me think twice about wanting to play pro football.

PIET ROTH
Chesterfield, Mo.

Sir:

As a high school student, I, too, have been exposed to the disastrous effects of drugs on young people. It scares me that the lives of so many people—not just pro football players—are being destroyed by drugs. It seems that too great a part of society doesn't realize the extent to which street drugs are available to anyone who wants them. If the widespread use is recognized, then why aren't individuals and organizations responding?

It's a crime not only that illegal drugs have become so available and popular, but also that more individuals aren't working to reduce the drug problem. Let's stop ignoring the calls for help of concerned citizens such as Don Reese before it's too late.

MEGAN YOUNG
Bristolville, N.Y.

Sir:

SI deserves to be highly commended for having the courage to publish this article and for giving it the prominence that it deserves. It now remains to be seen if the NFL has the courage to own up to this problem and to take more constructive action to cure it.

JOSEPH D. COWS
State College, Pa.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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